WHY DON'T
THEY LIKE US IN
NEWFOUNDLAND?

for the Canadian Woman

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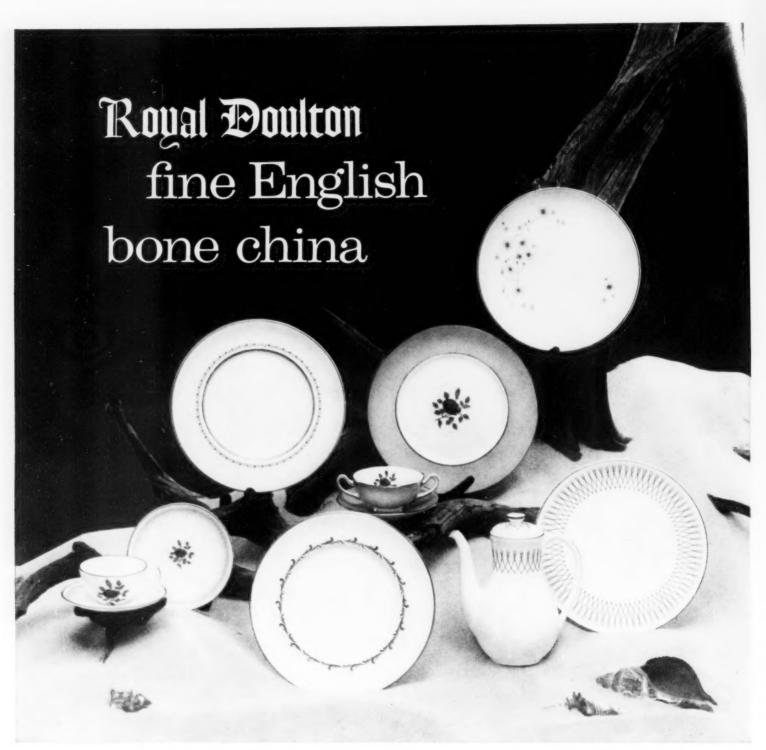
Don't be afraid of growing old By DR. HILLIARD

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126 1 for the Canadian Noman MARCH 1957 VOL. 29 NO. 3

"The rains in Newfoundland fall mainly on our writer"

All five hundred manuscripts in our fiction contest have now been read and next month you'll find in Chatelaine pictures of the two winners and the stories that won fifteen hundred dollars in prizes.

The weather was as wet as a seaman's boot when Chatelaine staff writer. Jeannine Locke, and photographer John Sebert, dropped in at Conception Bay to talk to and take pictures of some of the Newfoundland women on page 16. At their first stop, Hibbs's Hole, Jeannine and John quickly



got suitably soaked too. As for the women there, each explained that she herself was not a good photo subject (as one woman phrased it: "I'm like the sparrow, not meant for show"), and recommended her neighbor. In soggy desperation. Jeannine and John finally clambered down the rocks to where Chesley Petton was working on a boat and persuaded him to talk Mrs. Petton into posing. Several hours later when the Chatelaine team reached Port de Grave and John took this picture of Jeannine interviewing Faith Dawe, she admits she was much more interested in Mrs. Dawe's invitation to coffee than in an offer to visit a fish store. The results of the three-weeks' research and picture-taking appear in Why Don't They Like Us in Newfoundland? on page 15.

Some women buy hats when they're depressed. But when Chatelaine's fashion and beauty editor, Vivian Wilcox, needs a lift she buys a pair of shoes. Studying for university exams she used to wear frivolous satin and silver sandals, just because they made her feel good. At last count Vivian had sixteen pairs-mostly in her favorite classic pump which she thinks by far the most flattering style for any woman. She believes shoe colors should be co-ordinated with the costume color but hat, gloves, bag and shoes needn't all



match meticulously. Naturally, a new shoe trend as dramatic as this year's pointed toe and slim heel excites her. For her story on the new spring shoes, see page 22.

Guide for the Bride . . . In April look for our eight-page guide to cooking, including everything a bride should know about the kitchen-from where to keep the double boiler to step-by-step instructions for the first breakfast and some never-fail ideas for her first entertaining. •

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LETTERS TO CHATELAINE

Prenatal Care in Britain



I read with interest Why Do So Many Canadian Babies Die? (February). I never realized that this was the case in a country where the standard of living is so high. In England, when one first visits the doctor and he confirms pregnancy, he automatically transfers his client to the nearest clinic, where she attends regularly monthly. We all did this without question. At our clinics before and after the baby was born, we were able to purchase very cheaply all the vitamin pills and medicines, and supplies of orange juice and codliver oil for next to nothing.

We could buy a cup of tea, and it was quite a little social centre whilst we were waiting our turn.

Mrs. Irene Holmes, Hamilton.

Quebec carnival up-to-date

In January you mention that the Quebec Winter Carnival lasts "two weeks." It opens January 13 and the closing date is Mardi Gras, March 5. The period is actually about six weeks, starting with the January 22 first snowshoers' torchlight parade.

Edmund T. Nesbitt, Quebec.

Four-year-old will diet

I have just read the letter from Mrs. J. H. Dennis, Lemberg, Sask. I think she is making the greatest mistake in trying to keep her son away from dietary temptation. My nephew developed coeliac in its most violent form . . . At four he would look at cakes, etc., and shake his head firmly when offered them. At seven, he would set out with his older brothers and sisters to parties with his own packet of dry, thin toast. He is intensely extroverted, he always joined in all the fun of parties, and never allowed the unknowing adult to press him to anything forbidden . . . If the child feels that you trust him to stick to the diet, he will do so.

Mrs. John Ricketts, Dunbarton, Ont.

Some like us - not!

What a horrid cover on your January issue! The colors are nauseating: the artistry terrible; no proportion; no eyes; no tail end to the dachshund, if that is what the beast is supposed to be; measles on both characters' faces! I thought all this, then found you had imported it from Paris! Really! Whoever Mr. Savignae is, he could take lessons in art from my four-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Campbell Humphries, Castleford, Ont.

You have far too many of these self-improvement articles now-housewives can't be bothered reading that—all those thousands of recipes—I never used one of them—and I do love to cook.

Mary G. Wark, Owen Sound.

And some do!

I would like to congratulate you on January's 1957 Holiday Guide. This certainly was a tremendous aid to me personally.

Violet Goodenough, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (cover, 1, 12, 19, 20, 34, 40), John Sebert (1, 15, 16, 17, 32), Horst Ehricht (12), Ray Webber (22, 23), Peter Croydon (26), Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate (42), Miller Services (62), ARTWORK IN THIS ISSUE—By M. C. Swanson (8), A. Suzuki (24, 25); Ken Dallison (26), Walter Yarwood (32, 74, 75), Jean Miller (36), Harold Town (40), Robert Turnbull (54), Huntley Brown (69, 70), Jack Bush (72, 73).

How to be a good ISTANKR

When a friend comes to you with a problem here are things to do and say that really help

BY ELIZABETH HUGHES

W OMEN have long known that good listeners turn into early brides and successful wives and mothers. But as far as a woman sitting down and lending a sympathetic ear to another woman is concerned, listening seems to be a lost art. Today's women desperately need someone to talk to, and that someone should be another woman. An industrial nurse says that many women who come to her with digestive upsets, headaches or minor cramps actually come with another problem on their minds. What they want more than a pill is a kindly ear.

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Talking out a problem does more than fill our deep need for human communication; it modifies the problem in our own minds. We're all guilty of substituting worry for decision and often we avoid our real problem by substituting another. But when we talk about our problem the true picture becomes clear in spite of our attempts to ignore it.

How to listen

If you want your listening to be really helpful, then follow these rules from professional counselors.

Give the talker the floor. Your own problems (and even your smartest comments on her difficulties) must be shelved. A good listener must be completely unselfish.

Curb your curiosity. Never ask questions to learn more about the situation. If you do, you'll be tempted to judge or offer advice . . , and this you should avoid at all costs. The temptation to interrupt, advise or criticize is strong in all of us. Overcome the tendency to intrude with personal opinion.

Don't cut the talker off. Let her "blow off the top" of her emotions. If you stop her in midstream you'll only bottle up her anger and rouse antagonism. Quick comfort usually fails. When you say, "Hush now, everything will be all right," or "Don't cry," you're really refusing to listen. A good cry may be excellent therapy—let her have it.

Believe in her ability to solve her problem. Every problem has overtones of insecurity, and your faith in a friend's tact, maturity, understanding and humor will restore these temporarily disabled qualities. Says Dr. Carl Rogers of the University of Chicago, "When the individual's negative feelings have been quite fully expressed, they are followed by the faint and tentative expressions of the positive impulses that make for growth."

impulses that make for growth."

What can we say? Take a tip from trained counselors who have mastered the eloquent grunt, the understanding "ummmm" and the reflective "I see."
Don't be afraid of a few moments of silence. It tells the speaker that she doesn't really have to talk about it. This is the time to move to a more comfortable position, to light a cigarette and say no more than a quiet "Mmm, I think I understand."

You can often effectively repeat mething the speaker has said, "I see, You feel it's absolutely impossible to work with her" may be exactly what she said, but when you pin-point the phrase she will invariably qualify it with "Well, not unless . . ." and sud-denly the solution is on her own lips. You can't pretend interest. The woman who pretends to listen while flirting with the idea of buying a new hat isn't fooling anyone. You may need to pretend interest for the first few moments, but human curiosity makes it impossible for you to remain de tached. But once you're interested resist at all costs the temptation to interrupt, criticize or advise. She talks

A word of warning

The ability to be a good listener becomes a social service in time; the only danger is that you may listen too well. Professional counselors know you can't help a person caught in an emotional quicksand by jumping in with her, so don't let her transfer her woes to your shoulders. Don't develop a dogooder's halo. No one expects you to be a "Dear Miss Blank" agony column. Life will be easier if you too try talking once in a while . . . to a good friend.

One of the most comforting listeners I know is a dear old friend called Mrs. Whalley. She will hear you out for hours, her head cocked with warm interest. Then she hands you a colognesweet hankie and heads for the kitchen and the tea kettle.

And it isn't until the teapot is "hotted up" that she reconnects her hearing



"The doctor's coming right away!"

In an hour of urgent need, you may have had the feeling of relief and reassurance that comes when you know your family doctor will soon step through your doorway. Then you are most aware of how much it means to have a family doctor.

Of course, any physician in your community would respond to an emergency call. It is not quite the same, however, as having your own doctor who has known you and your family through the years. When he comes, you rely on him not only as a physician, but also as a friend.

This warm relationship can be very important . . . as important, in a way, as the doctor's knowledge of medicine. This is because the family physician, in treating a patient, considers not only the current medical phases of the case, but also the patient's personal medical background. Furthermore, a doctor who has year-to-year contact with you can help ease many worries which illness often magnifies.

Whether your doctor is called for a serious emergency or a minor illness, he brings to you the latest developments of medical science. These include new methods of diagnosis, new drugs and treatments for restoring health or con-

trolling many diseases. He also brings to you his own broad knowledge of medicine gained through years of study in schools, hospitals and clinics.

There are other equally good reasons for having a family doctor. When you go to him for periodic health check-ups, he can often detect trouble early and take appropriate action promptly. Moreover, by consulting your doctor periodically, you get his advice about how to help keep in good physical condition . . . with proper diet and sensible habits of work, sleep and relaxation.

Your friend, the family doctor, is the first to know when hospital care is needed... and when a specialist should be called to advise and assist him in giving you the latest specialized treatment necessary in your case.

Specialists, because of their detailed knowledge and experience in diagnosing and treating diseases falling within their particular field, are important allies of the family doctor.

Your family doctor will welcome an invitation to become a "part of your family circle." One of the most practical steps, therefore, that you can take for future health and happiness is to consult your family doctor now . . . and keep in touch with him over the years,

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Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



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WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



Learn to Live
with yourself
BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

How to get along with relatives

A YOUNG couple living in an apartment in Ottawa were dismayed one day last fall to find a letter in their box addressed in a fine copybook script. It was from the girl's uncle who announced he would be arriving the next Sunday for a visit.

The next Sunday he did arrive and after dinner when he had settled himself in the husband's favorite chair, he told them he expected to stay two weeks, maybe longer. They immediately postponed a skiing trip they had planned for the next weekend. During the next two weeks they took the dear old man to the parliament buildings, Laurier House, on a motor trip through the Laurentians and to five movies which they probably would have never bothered to see except for their visitor.

No Right to Descend Uninvited

At the end of two weeks when they were both ready to beat the wall if he had hummed "When Irish eyes are smiling" off key once more, he finally left. But the girl learned later that he had complained to her mother that she and her husband were living at too fast a pace. "Never content just to sit and have a good chat," he had said.

"And that's all the thanks we get." fumed the girl, "after completely messing up our lives for two solid weeks. What right has he just to drop in and expect us to rearrange our whole way of living?"

This story illustrates a possible shift in our feeling toward relatives. Many of the accepted family ties, such as the visits of elderly uncles, are regarded as an unnecessary strain today.

Certainly a generation ago, or perhaps more accurately two generations ago, there were more obvious economic and cultural reasons why families were more closely tied together. People lived in the same place generation after generation and depended on the family to help out in times of trouble. There was Aunt Sarah who always turned up to help when a new baby arrived. There was Cousin Jennie who did most of the sewing. Uncle Ned whose fiddle provided music for all the family gatherings, and Cousin Nelly with her deep contralto to lead the singing. Property was also handed from father to son and with this grew up the tradition of responsibility for the older generation who held the purse string. There was no unemployment insurance and no old-age pension and the members of the family were depended upon to come to the rescue in times of sickness or distress.

TV Replaces a Gossipy Aunt

Fifty years ago families were larger for several reasons, Before labor-saving devices, more hands were needed to do all the chores. Houses and dining tables were built on a more generous scale. One or two extra people around a big rural family table didn't matter. Visitors were welcome because, with no radio or TV, they were one of the few sources of news and gossip.

But Canadian life has been gradually changing over from rural to urban. Large families are no asset in a city. Houses and apartments aren't built to accommodate cosy gatherings of the clan. Railways and airplanes have scattered family units all across the country and members lose contact with one another. TV, radio and movies have shoved Uncle Ned and Cousin Nelly out of the living Continued on page 6



CHATELAINE - MARCH 1957

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Use the same tact as with friends

Continued from page 4

room. Health plans, old-age pensions and unemployment insurance have removed much of the old feeling of family responsibility.

Some families today never get togethexcept for weddings and funerals. Other families still maintain the old family closeness with regular Sunday dinners, birthday celebrations and Christmas gatherings. Some families always gather together for one week during the ummer at the family summer cottage. In many Jewish homes, Friday-night dinner is a traditional time for families to get together.

Some families are too closely bound together and too rigid in their customs. Newcomers find it almost impossible to penetrate the original family circle. The new wife or son-in-law is treated like an outsider for years. This kind of family closeness can damage a marriage, espe-cially if the partner takes the part of his or her family rather than his wife's or the husband's part. Nothing can be done without a telephone call that travels like Indian drums through the whole clan and everyone has to pass an opinion on it.

In some families, especially where the father insists on holding the purse string, family ties sometimes degenerate into lip service and observance of the family rituals without any real feeling. This kind of situation can be especially harmful to children who are confused by the hypoc-

The best way to try to get along with relatives after you have grown up is to treat them like friends who have a special significance for you because of many close intimate family memories. This calls for honesty on your part and theirs. If the relationship has deteriorated and you find nothing in common with some of your relatives, assume that they probably feel the same way about you and adjust the situation so that you see them only as often as it is mutually pleasant.

Some families put up a false front. They act out parts that were natural when they were growing up but the effect is just as boring to one another as if they recited nursery rhymes. Cousin Bertha was always in the shadow of her older sister and Uncle Bill was known as Streaky because he was a tall, awkward teen-ager. But these descriptions probably don't fit any more. Since Cousin Bertha got married and has her own family, she is an interesting and clever woman. And Uncle Bill isn't an awkward teen-ager but a highly successful businessman who has a keen interest in music.

To keep family relationship alive and growing, not static and confining, you must exercise the same tact, tolerance and interest as you would with any other acquaintance. Being a relative doesn't give you the right to remark on how much weight one of your relatives has put on or to expect a relative to wait forty-five minutes for you downtown for lunch. It doesn't give you the right to criticize any other member of your family because they choose a different form architecture, send their children to different schools, vote for a different political party, wear different clothes or endorse a different kind of religion.

How much freedom should relatives feel they can take with members of their family? Should cousins from the country

descend for their holidays on you and expect you to be happy to accommodate them? And if you live in the country should your relatives in town feel they have a right to climb in their car on any hot Sunday and drop in on you for dinner? Should relatives feel because you are a relative they can feel free to ask you anything from when you plan to have your next child to how much you paid for your dining-room suite?

In today's living with our fast tempo and cramped housing arrangements, families have to use the same consideration that a very good friend would use.

There's a place for ritual

What families can do is give you and your children a deep sense of belonging that is often hard to establish in this era of rapid change. Families teach children, in the most natural way possible, that life is a continuation-people are born, grow up, grow old and eventually die. A family circle is the most natural place for a child to learn good personal relationships love, friendship and consideration for others-and gives him as well a feeling that there are people around him who love him and are interested in helping him besides his two parents.

The strong family ties that bind together many Jewish families have been shown to result in lower juvenile delinquency, lower illegitimacy and a stronger family life. Respect of parents teaches children to have respect for the marriage partner later on.

There is a place in modern living for limited family ritual. Christmas dinners, birthday, church-going-depending on what the families have worked out.

Families are also an insurance against a lonely old age. The elderly, lonely and the sick are not entirely the responsibility of the welfare state.

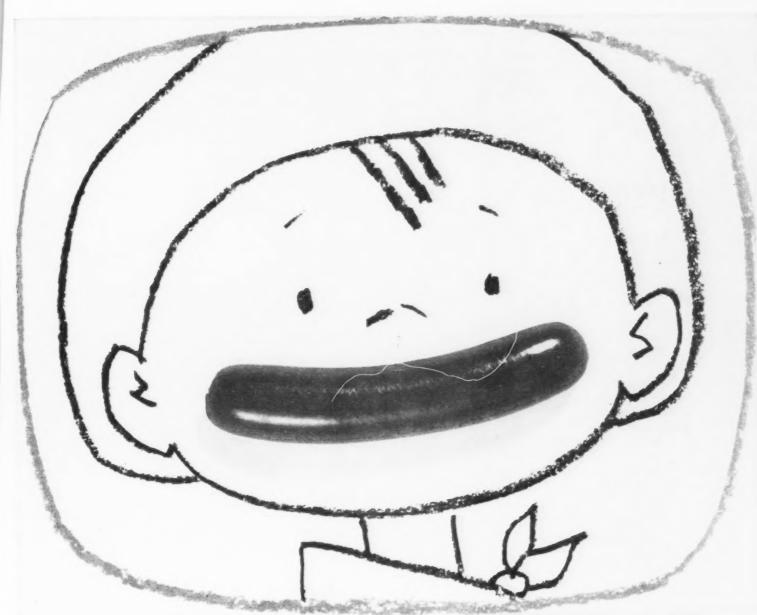
There are many forgotten parents in homes for the aged and mental hospitals, with volunteers substituting for families. Is there not a place for family responsibility toward these people?

If you think you have outgrown family life, think hard-what have you substituted for it? Have you a wide circle of really close friends? Or have you replaced the time you might be spending with your family in looking at TV programs or attending baseball games or cocktail parties? Do you get as much satisfaction out of the replacement and what effect has this had on your children?

It's interesting to note that the person who values family life is also very frequently the sort of person who makes a good friend, a helpful neighbor and an understanding wife.

A family that lives well together has inherent in it many of the requirements for true democracy self-expression in a total unit, interdependence, acceptance, appreciation, stimulation and caring for others. In a good family and a true home there is always room for one more. .

What problems would you like discussed in this column? Write to Dr. Reva Gerstein, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, No names will be published. Personal answers to individual questions cannot be given.



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Marjorie Wilkins Campbell does, and with the help of artist Peter Whalley she brings back happy memories of taffy pulls, skating parties, sapling whistles, bedtime concerts on the gramophone, and all the glorious fun of two or three decades ago. You'll love this sentimental journey back to the days before radio and television took over.

But if you think discipline is a thing of the past too, read what Shirley Mair says about

Edith Read's ungentle formula for raising young ladies

Ruling Branksome Hall (a well-known private girls' school) is 77-year-old Miss Edith Read who brings them up on a blunt tongue, hard games and the Bible.

In the March 2 issue, at your newsstand February 19

MACLEAN'S

Canada's National Magazine • A Maclean-Hunter publication

No One Cooks Like I Do!



Perfume in the wedding cake? Mittens in the coffee? Of course! A Canadian writer recounts her daring misadventures in the kitchen

BY ISABEL DINGMAN

SOME writers find thrills and adventure in the wilds of Africa, the jungles of South America, or the cockpits of supersonic planes. I find mine in the kitchen. My two pioneer grandmothers were resourceful women, able to cope with any emergency, and I like to think I inherited their skills. However, one grandfather was bookish and absent-minded—some of the family think I take after him.

My dictionary defines adventure as "a bold and dangerous undertaking of uncertain issue," which certainly applies to some of my experiences on the home front. Making my daughter's wedding cake was the most recent.

Friends said it was crazy for a busy writer and professor of journalism to make a cake instead of buying one, but I was feeling sentimental. As the wedding was to be in Toronto, not my home city, London, I had little to do except sign cheques, which seemed so impersonal. And here was

this treasured family recipe which had been used for my own wedding cake, and my sister's, with guests saying "Best fruit cake I ever tasted."

I just had to try it.

Making the cake in Toronto seemed the best idea, so down I went to the apartment my daughter shared

with another girl. I took with me a small bottle of rose water—the recipe called for a teaspoonful—but bought other ingredients in Toronto for about twelve dollars, and wedding-cake pans for eighty-nine cents. Then I prepared for action.

My first hurdle was that the girls didn't own a big bowl or saucepan of any kind, not even a dishpan, as their sink had a stopper. Then my daughter decided she might as well buy a preserving kettle, but due to the off season, could get only a small size. It looked adequate, though, and after

dinner I mixed the fruit, juices and sherry which were to stand overnight.

All went well until I reached for the rose water. Every drop had leaked out around the loose top, and drugstores were closed. I almost wept, then remembered that last year in Paris I had bought my daughter some Joy perfume, a very concentrated rose essence, and she still had some. Maybe just a smidge of Joy—often advertised as "the world's costliest perfume"—would replace the rose water. I tried one, two, three drops, then covered the kettle quickly. Even with the lid on, it reeked of roses.

I thought of other substitutions I had once made—sewing-machine oil for lemon extract, Javel water for white vinegar—and shuddered. But they were accidents, which I'll describe later. This was a calculated risk.

Next morning the over-all aroma wasn't too powerful, but when I added edggs, butter and flour, the little preserving kettle was full to the brim. I couldn't possibly do a thorough stirring job. There was lots of room in the sink, though, so I lined it with waxed paper, dumped the batter in, got it mixed, then put it into pans.

Now all I had to do was set the gas-oven control at three hundred and wait three hours. But ten minutes later a terrible bang came from the kitchen, like a gun going off. When I gingerly opened the oven door, there were no fumes and the flame was bright. The only trouble was that the door spring had broken, and it wouldn't close.

Getting a repair man might take hours. I didn't want to stand there holding the door shut, like the boy at the dike. Then my eye fell on the broom. The handle propped up the door quite successfully. My grand-mothers would have been proud of me.

The cake turned out beautifully, and after ripening for a month, was iced by a confectioner. The bill of \$19 for icing startled me a bit, and brought the cake's cost up to \$31.89, not counting my train fare. Still, a

Continued on page 10



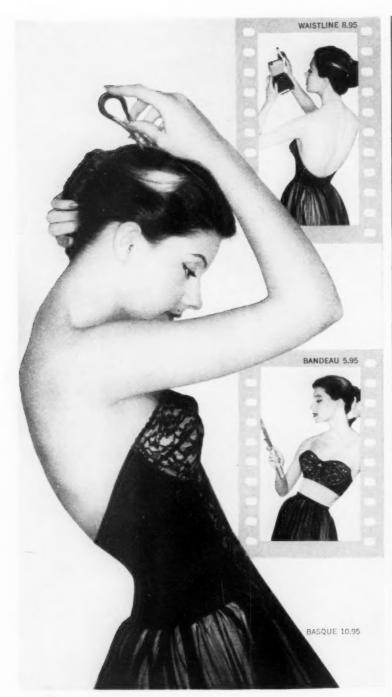
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THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

The corridor was black with smoke; something whispered, "My stove"

Continued from page 8

bought cake that size would have been more expensive, and not so rich. Ever so many guests said "Best fruit cake I ever tasted . . . there's a flavor I can't quite identify." I didn't tell them it was just a soupçon of Joy. Probably my daughter is the only bride in the world who ever had that appropriate romantic addition to her wedding cake.

When I was a bride myself I had my earliest adventure involving a stove. Thrilled with my first electric range, I heard friends talk about going out and leaving dinners in the oven, and decided to do the same when we were asked to an afternoon reception. I felt very clever as I closed the door on an entire meal, sure all would be ready when we returned. However, this was before automatic controls. Nobody had told me how to set the burners, and I thought both should be on at high.

After the party my husband went ahead while I stopped at the grocery. When I entered the apartment block, smoke filled the corridors, a fire alarm was ringing, and something seemed to whisper, "My stove." The air was black in my apartment, but I could hear water running in the kitchen and my husband stomping around. He had mistaken the sink strainer for a pan, tried to fill it at the tap, and was running to the stove with water streaming all over the floor. Still, enough was retained to put out the fire in the oven and smash three Pyrex

dishes to smithereens. The fire brigade gave me quite a lecture when they came galloping up, complete with trucks and ladders. Next time I left one burner — at low.

The same stove let me down when I was making tea for my first callers. I put the kettle on, set the shiny new silver teapot nearby and went back to the guests. When I returned to brew the tea the kettle was stone cold, but my teapot was a heap of squiggles. I had turned on the wrong button.

No stove could be blamed for my first kitchen adventure, though. I was eight years old, proud of being able to make a plain cake, but failed to read labels and dumped in a generous dollop of sewing-machine oil instead of lemon extract. Even the dog wouldn't eat the cake.

This performance sounded like some of my grandfather's exploits. So did what happened once when I made salad dressing during the war, with oil so scarce. For some reason I had put bleach in an old vinegar bottle, and tossed in half a cup of Javel water with the precious oil.

Also unhappy were results at a summer cottage when a guest brought a bottle of gin, also very precious, and I handed him salt instead of sugar when he was mixing long cold drinks. I'll never forget the look on his face as he dumped the ruined brew out on the sand.

However, some substitutions turned out all right. During the war I once put angostura bitters in brownies I was making for my daughter to take to a Sunday-school party. I had given a guest our bottle of bitters—also scarce—taking out some for our own use in an old vanilla bottle. However, the brownies were rich and sweet even if peculiar, and the youngsters ate every crumb.

Of course I have often "made do" when things ran short, like the time I started a banana cake late at night and found I was almost out of flour. Dry bread rolled to fine crumbs made up the difference, and it was one of the best banana cakes I ever baked.

I also figured out how to imitate a famous English marmalade, which was dark, bitter and very expensive. It couldn't be obtained during the war, but I remembered hearing a chemical engineer say there was a joke in the trade that this marmalade was actually burned. I wondered if there was a grain of truth in the yarn — was the sugar caramelized? I made orange marmalade in the usual way, but melted half the sugar in

an iron skillet until it was bubbly and almost black. When I added it to the boiling fruit there was a roaring sound and huge clouds of steam, quite terrifying. But the result was a marmalade which fooled even a visiting BBC type. He asked, "Where did you get my favorite marmalade?" I felt like taking a bow.

No bows were taken after I helped a Swedish friend with a party, however. Her tone was cold when she phoned next morning. "Isabel, did you wash out the

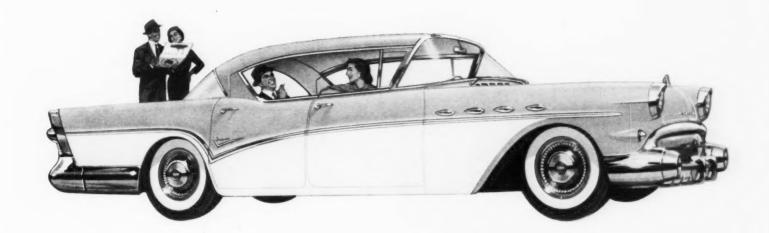
urn before you filled it with coffee?" she asked. I said I had just taken it from the sideboard and poured the coffee in.

She groaned. "I should have warned you. The children hide all sorts of things in that urn. When I went to wash it this morning, a pair of David's dirty black woolen mitts was at the very bottom. Every drop of coffee everybody drank must have gone through them. No wonder I didn't get any compliments."

Yes, for "bold and dangerous undertakings of uncertain issue" I don't need to leave the kitchen.



three stories beginning on page 69



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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YOUR HOUSE BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Unexpected Touches of Glamour



With a keen eye you can discover gay accessories in many everyday objects

THE WOMAN who covets a reputation as a clever decorator needn't spend a mint. A few striking accents can lift a plain and simply furnished room out of the humdrum, and the more imagination you supply, the less you need pay for your accessories, as you will see from the items pictured below.



Handsome ducks for a fireplace (mine are decoys from a country auction) are painted white and mounted on half-inch wooden dowels. Drill half-inch holes in the ducks and in wooden block bases, and insert dowels of varying height. 18 and 12 inches. Repair old decoys—those with shot marks or damaged beaks—first with ceramic clay.

A jack-pine jar is an attractive way to pick up your accent color in a room. Paint or spray cones with ordinary enamel paint, let them dry. Fill a tall, clear potpourri or apothecary jar with them.

Inexpensive wicker baskets have never come in such unusual shapes and weaves as today. Use them for bonbons, rolls or nuts in their natural shade, or brighten them with enamel paint in an accent color. For best results, apply the paint with a good stiff paintbrush.

More graceful shapes can be found, too, in today's many low-priced lines of dinnerware—in white, solid colors or simple patterns. Above, a consommé bowl makes a bonbon dish, a fruit nappy is an ash tray, a shallow white vegetable dish sets off bright, yellow lemons.

Look to crystal shelves for other inexpensive accents. Above, a plain brandy snifter holds match covers. Two shot glasses make wonderfully effective candle holders. Simply melt a little of the candle wax into the bottom of the glasses and press the tapers in.

Wicker again — at the far right, a genuine fisherman's basket is rescued and transformed into a handsome sewing basket. Paint it with enamel in a clear, bright accent color and set it as a permanent decorative touch on the floor beside your mending chair.



up for the family portrait. Naturally, their shoes are all-leather... for every member of the family enjoys leather's unmistakable quality and beauty.

benefit from their remarkable stamina and chooses leather shoes. For interior decoration elegance in women's fashions. Men admire and dependable performance. The children Leather shoes mean excitement, color and Note: For exterior decoration the family supple comfort. The family picture just wouldn't be complete without leather. leather shoes for their rich good looks they choose the leather sofa. LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA SPONSORED BY

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You'll set new records in quick, easy house cleaning with your fabulous G-E Swivel-top Cleaner. Place it in the centre of the room and you can clean the entire room—rugs, drapes, upholstery, without once moving the cleaner. Comes with flexible, durable vinyl hose . . . handy interlocking attachments . . . exclusive rug-and-floor tool . . . king size throw away bag. In desert beige and cocoa brown. Smooth-running dolly available as optional extra.

Polish off spring chores in jig time with this new two-tone G-E Polisher. Lighter in weight but much more powerful with perfectly balanced counter-rotating brushes whirling at 700 times a minute to put a speedy shine on everything from hardwood floors to linoleum and tile. Gets under furniture... close to baseboards and deep into corners. Comes with snap-on buffing pads... wide protective bumper... extra-long 24-foot cord.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

WHY DON'T THEY LIKE US IN NEWFOUNDLAND?

Meet Canadians who don't like Canada.

They'll welcome you as a visitor, but they feel much closer to the U.S. and England, and many still call Confederation a "shotgun marriage"

By Jeannine Locke Photographs by John Sebert

• A mainland Canadian in Newfoundland for the first time is an innocent abroad. I know because I was one. I arrived in Newfoundland believing that I hadn't really left home. Needing proof neither of my identity nor smallpox vaccination to get in or out of the island. I assumed that I was among friendly fellow Canadians. I was naïve. True, native Newfoundlanders are friendly—they may very well be the most friendly people in the world. But they shouldn't be considered Canadians—not out loud and in Newfoundland. That's a stunning social blunder—an insult to one's hostess in her own home.

There's no guide to good manners in Newfoundland that would be much use to mainlanders. Even with forewarning, Canadians from other provinces couldn't cope with the Newfoundland brand of anti-Canadianism. For they also meet with the most extravagant hospitality. It's the quality of welcome accorded mainland visitors—aside from the eight-yearold fact of Confederation—that makes them feel at home on the island. They can't know that all strangers get the same cordial treatment; it's part of the Newfoundland way of life.

So is the paradox that individual Canadians are as popular as a clear day on the island just as long as they don't remind the inhabitants that they, too, are Canadian. That promptly puts strains on the host-guest relationship. The Newfoundlander feels impelled to explain to the visitor why he distrusts and dislikes Canadians from the other nine provinces.

I learned about the unpopularity of my nationality the first morning I was in St. John's. I was invited to visit some wives of U. S. servicemen stationed at Fort Pepperrell, on the outskirts of the city. They were so pleased, they said, to entertain "a Canadian." When I observed that my nationality wasn't much of a novelty in Newfoundland, they politely corrected that impression. "I came here knowing Newfoundland was part of Canada," a woman from New York State explained. "But I soon forgot. They're Newfoundlanders. Don't call them Canadian unless you want to start an argument."

One of the information officers at the U.S. base, Lieut. Mina Costin, unintentionally confirmed the wives' unofficial view. She wanted to know whether or not the Red Ensign was, in fact, the Canadian flag. Her uncertainty had arisen from an incident that occurred when she was escorting a group of visiting Newfoundlanders around the base. Continued on page 17

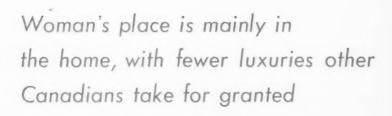
To meet these women of Newfoundland, just turn the page



The wife of Newfoundland's first lieutenant - governor. Lady Outerbridge, was "afraid," she admits, that "the people would miss the glamour of having a British governor. But they've been most loyal." she says. Government House is still the centre of the island's social life. Lady Outerbridge's appointment book is as fully packed as a cabinet minister's. Born in Barrie, Ont. (she met her husband, a native of St. John's, at the University of Toronto), she's been chatelaine of Government House for eight years.



Mr. and Mrs. Ted Thorburn are conspicuous citizens of St. John's, not because of their large family ("we Newfoundlanders run to big families"), but because of their support of Confederation and Premier Smallwood's Liberals. A former nurse in outport cottage hospitals. Eileen Thorburn agrees with her husband that union with Canada was necessary for Newfoundland. "I remember the poverty in the outports," he says, "and I couldn't see that things would get better as long as this island was alone." Mrs. Thorburn is too busy with her own telephone-answering service to "fuss with politics.



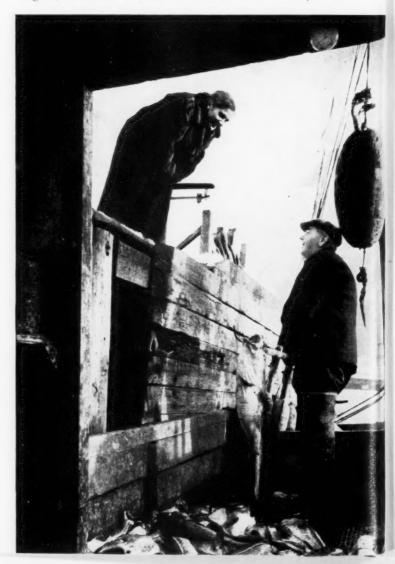


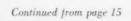
"It'll take a long time before we Newfoundlanders think of ourselves as Canadians," according to the island's best-known woman commentator, Muriel McKay, from St. John's CJON. She regularly berates her audience for "hypersensitivity to criticism from outsiders" and gets away with it. she says, because "I'm a Newf myself." Her colleague. Don Jamieson (above), whose nightly News Cavalcade is missed by no Newfoundlander within reach of TV, once fiercely opposed Confederation. No longer "anti-Confederate," he acknowledges cheerfully that some Newfoundlanders still have "chips on their shoulders bigger than Bowater's (pulp and paper mills) could produce in a whole year."



"Canada is a wonderful long way away" from Hibbs's Hole, the outport where Mr. and Mrs. Chesley Petton have always lived. Mrs. Petton isn't curious about what's going on outside. She voted for Confederation because "he (Mr. Petton) thought it was a good thing." She's busy with her ten children, five of whom will be fishermen, like their father. Except for regular attendance at the Pentecostal church, cod-cleaning on the wharf with the other wives and an occasional visit with neighbors, she rarely leaves the family's seven-room, brown, single-story frame house.

"This mess that we're in" is Grace Sparkes's assessment of Newfoundland's union with Canada. She objects to "the way Confederation was done—superficially (there wasn't that much hurry)." A government should first have been elected, she feels; then the question of Confederation could have been debated and decided properly by the people's representatives. In both the federal and provincial elections following Confederation, Mrs. Sparkes ran as a Progressive Conservative candidate, unbothered by the knowledge that she "couldn't live long enough to be elected on the southwest coast" and that "a lot of women thought I had holes in my head for being politically active." A widow with a teen-age daughter, she works in St. John's as women's editor of the Daily News.





"They don't have a flag"

She had pointed out the recently erected Canadian flag, at the sight of which the Newfoundlanders "nearly had apoplexy." "They don't have a flag," the visitors stormed at the bewildered Pennsylvanian.

I found out for myself the local attitude toward the less controversial question of Canada's national anthem. So far as the tenth province is concerned, it's Ode To Newfoundland. When I inquired, after hearing the unfamiliar strains of the Ode at several public gatherings and on the radio, whether or not it was always played in preference to O Canada (I knew that The Queen had a separate and secure place), I was answered crisply in a word: "Naturally."

If I had any remaining doubts about being on anti-Canadian soil, they were dissolved by an interview with a senior provincial civil servant. As soon as I was seated in her office she told me firmly that she couldn't be quoted in print. She had got in trouble last year, she explained, for talking indiscreetly to a Canadian reporter. After we'd finished our formal conversation, we sat over coffee, chatting about places we both knew in western Canada. She remarked on similarities she had observed between rural Manitoba and Newfoundland attitudes. When I asked if I could record this harmless observation, she said, "Good heavens, no! That's the very comment that got me into so much trouble."

In St. John's, such a remark can be construed as pro-Canadianism. And the citizens of the capital regard their anti-Canadianism just as respectfully as mainland Conservatives used to cherish their ill will toward Mackenzie King. As a conversational gambit, Confederation is still unsuitable for formal occasions.

But over tea. I found, Newfoundlanders are always willing to explain why they're cool to the rest of Canada. They wonder why explanations should be necessary. The ardor for union, they point out, was always stronger on Canada's side than Newfoundland's, Back in 1948, the elected Newfoundland National Convention which paved the way for a referendum to decide the island's constitutional future voted against even including union with Canada on the ballot. It was the British government, which had handled Newfoundland's affairs since 1934, that insisted on adding confederation to the two choices-restoration of dominion status or continuation of British control -recommended by the local convention. At the first poll, responsible government had a small edge over confederation. Since no clear preference was shown, another ballot was held the next month, with commission government dropped from the list. The result-78,323 for confederation to 71,331 for responsible government Prime Minister Mackenzie King called "clear and beyond all possibility of misunderstanding." "A shotgun marriage" was what many Newfoundlanders called the subsequent union on March 31, 1949, between Newfoundland and Canada.

The bride is still hypersensitive about that hasty wedding. Without waiting for outsiders to suggest that with marriage to Canada the island came up in the world, Newfoundlanders hotly dispute the idea. After all, they point out, Newfoundland is Britain's "oldest Continued on page 55



The Misses Eleanor and Emma Bartlett of Brigus don't expect to see "visitors from Canada." They're more accustomed to entertaining Americans who come to see their souvenirs of the exploits of their brother, Captain Bob, the Arctic explorer, who was a U.S. citizen during most of his celebrated career. To all visitors, the sisters serve tea.

An immigrant eight years ago from Latvia. Dr. Junija Langins, a Corner Brook dentist. doesn't feel any identity with Canada. She and her husband realize they must become "Newfoundlanders first." Dr. Langins has had a busy dental practice from the beginning (there are fewer than forty dentists in the whole province). Now her younger sister, Olga Obrazcova, a 1955 graduate in dentistry from Dalhousie, occupies another office in the same building.



Martina Lacour (left) and Ellen Walsh, both "outport girls" (Harbour Main and St. Mary's respectively), consider themselves lucky to be employed at the U. S. base, Fort Pepperrell. Their prestige at home is high. So is their pay at the base—about two hundred dollars a month for secretaries, which is more than is offered for the same job in nearby St. John's, If they ever go to the mainland to look for work, they'll head for "the States, not Canada."



Although Faith Dawe was educated on the mainland (Windsor, N.S.) she's never been further inland than Halifax and isn't "too keen," she says, "to see Upper Canada." New York and Boston are where her parents spend annual holidays and where Faith is eager to visit. She was born in Port de Grave where her ancestors settled early in the seventeenth century. Now she comes home as a visitor from St. John's, sixty miles away, where she's a bank clerk.



Joyce Hahn's trailer trek to the stars

BY TRENT FRAYNE

This Canadian TV star started her journey by roaming the prairies and singing for her supper. Now that she's arrived, meet the girl who got what she wanted

HESE WEDNESDAY evenings, around six o'clock, a doll-size vocalist named Joyce Hahn finishes an uninspired dinner in a quiet, little restaurant on Toronto's Yonge Street, strolls a few doors south to CBC's barnlike studio building and begins a final two and a half hours of preparation for a half-hour television show called Cross-Canada Hit Parade. She smiles at a commissionaire in the tiny lobby, struggles with a heavy door marked Performers Only and walks unhurriedly into utter chaos.

The cacophony of a thirty-piece orchestra tuning up swirls around her head in an armories-like hall that on a given Wednesday might contain two elephants or a registered palomino horse or Vaughn Monroe. The hall bulges with the impedimenta of television: cameras rolling heavily from set to set, hot lights beating down, endless feet of fat cable, and people—exactly 101 of them who never appear on camera, and 16 more who do.

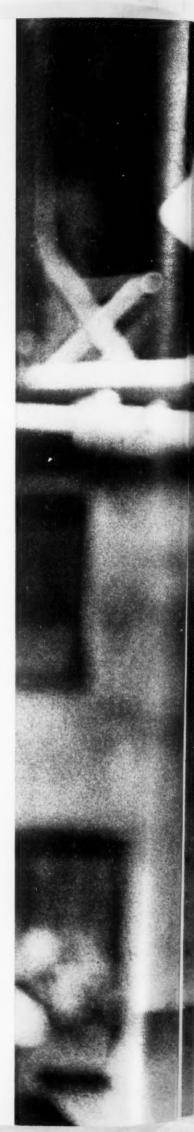
Just why it takes so many people to get one program on the air is not a question that concerns Joyce Hahn. In fact, as she threads her way to the make-up room there is seldom any question that concerns her. She seems impervious to the bustle, sitting solemnly in a barber's chair before a long mirror-paneled wall while a make-up girl gives her eyebrows a last line of pencil or, later, listening impassively to the program producer as he booms final instructions over a PA system from the control room. She nods, rarely questions and never argues.

As the minutes tick away to showtime, tension overtakes the hall and the chaos grows ordered. A voice on the PA calls off "Twenty seconds . . . ten . . . five . . ." Then the orchestra shatters the

silence and the announcer breathlessly proclaims that this is Cross-Canada Hit Parade. Eight dancers race onto sets. Stagehands frenziedly tug props into place. Crews push their cameras across the floor, and Joyce Hahn sits on a trunk. placid. calm, serene. Sometimes she brings her knitting and works stoically at that. When her song comes up she sets down her knitting, moves unhurriedly into place and sits unconcernedly while cameras pull into range, pointing beadily down at her, a tiny iceberg with a turned-up nose, enormous dark eves and shoulder-length hair with bangs.

As the fifty-nine-inch, ninety-two-pound singing star of Hit Parade. Joyce Hahn possesses a detachment unequaled in television. She is aloof in a business that is notoriously neurotic but it is a detachment born of contentment rather than ennui or egotism. She wants to do nothing more. The role she fills in television now is her ambition fulfilled. From a childhood of abject poverty and an adolescence that involved a crazy odyssey in a trailer across the prairies where she literally sang for her supper, Joyce Hahn has emerged onto a cool plateau of security where, through television, she has gained all the material things she'd ever hoped for. (For Hit Parade, her radio program and commercials she earns about three hundred dollars a week.)

Thus, when she sits quietly knitting it's with a sense of accomplishment usually associated with people far beyond her years and, comparatively speaking, with achievements well beyond those she has attained. Her demeanor baffles stagehands accustomed to fits of temperament of other darlings of the magic medium. "The only time you know Joyce is around." Continued on page 65







JOYCE HAHN
the tranquil star
of Cross - Canada
Hit Parade, finds
time and patience
for knitting amid
the heetic setting
of a TV rehearsal.

DON'T

Rockett



AFRAID OF

GROWING OLD

Every woman hates the thought of growing old.

A noted Canadian doctor tells you what you can do
to prepare yourself sensibly and happily

By DR. MARION HILLIARD

N ATTRACTIVE woman in her early forties came to see me recently. She had some minor difficulty, a simple matter to repair, but she lingered after I had filled out the prescription form, chatting nervously. Finally she got to the point.

"Doctor," she said, looking steadily at her purse as though she had never seen it before, "I feel so bleak these days. I'm growing old and I hate it."

In the twenty-five years that I have been an obstetrician and gynecologist, I've seen hundreds of such women in open revolt against aging. They deny it with all the vigor their aging bodies can command and all the cosmetics their purses can afford. I'm astounded by their attitude. No time of life seems to me more rich and blessed than those years after sixty.

The panic about old age generally begins in the forties, though some really gifted worriers can start sooner. I've got one word of advice for the whole agitated crew of them: acceptance. Accept the simple mechanical fact that people do not grow younger, but only older. Observe also that some people grow older more quickly, notably those who are most preoccupied with themselves. Others grow old slowly, because they are absorbed in living. Some never grow old at all; these are the few with warm hearts, ready laughter and lively minds. They are young no matter when they die.

But many people facing old age are filled with fear. They fear, in part, oncoming frailties. They are saturated with the greater fear of becoming unnecessary and unloved.

Because they dread loneliness, some older people will complain bitterly at a casual desertion of even a few hours. Because they fear uselessness, some cling to the routines of their younger days and are sickened to find themselves poor in strength and energy. Because they want to be loved so desperately, some old people are capable of venomous jealousy.

People in their middle years witness this deterioration of spirit in their elders but they often learn nothing from it. They believe waspishness to be a normal state of the elderly and gladly take on a bad temper at the first blaze of grey through their hair. They listen to the complaints of their aging parents and prepare a set of their own for future use. They settle in for battle as though old age was an enemy capable of hideous attocities.

Old age is no such thing. It's a gentle radiance that settles on a life and gives it peace. Yet most people tend to resent with an emotion akin to agony the first symptoms of age. Men are anguished about their hairlines and women weep over wrinkles. I remember the pang I felt the first time I realized that I would need glasses in the operating room. I've scolded myself for it ever since; many people are born with poor eyesight and I count myself fortunate to have had perfect vision for more than forty years.

Old age is full of disabilities that are as much a part of its personality as grey hair. Older people might look forward to the mature delight, now that the children are gone and business responsibilities are lighter, of sleeping in late in the mornings. But it doesn't happen that way. Older people who stay in bed in the morning usually pay for it with a backache.

Backaches aren't the only mishaps. Old people

travel with a load of pills and potions that would have equipped an old-time medicine man. Various parts of their interiors need constant persuasion in order to work properly. Their knees creak a bit and their hands are likely to be shaky in the morning with a trace of rheumatism.

None of this is worthy of continuous attention. The minor infirmities of aging are natural consequences of living past middle years. The main stream of life shouldn't be dammed with fruitless complainings over trivial discomforts. Let pills and electric blankets work their wonders and get on with living.

Of all the complaints that I have heard from aging women, the loss of their physical beauty makes the least sense. The physical beauty they regret, of course, is the freshness and loveliness of a twenty-year-old. This is a fine form of feminine beauty but I don't agree that it is the best. Ask any photographer which face is the better to photograph, the smooth unlined blankness of a girl or the wise, crinkled face of a woman. Television viewers know that young faces are sweet to watch, but forgettable. The lined and almost ugly face of an Eleanor Roosevelt is fascinating, and unforgettable.

M TRULY SORRY for a woman who has the misfortune to look younger than her years. If she happens to look about forty-five when she is sixty, she somehow feels challenged to behave like a younger woman. I have some patients who fit this description. They keep themselves in a social madhouse of teas, cocktail parties, dinners and after-theatre receptions. In the end they are defeated by their own lack of stamina, which isn't fooled for an instant about their real age.

Most women approaching sixty these days do have better figures than did their mothers at the same age. Women shouldn't give up physical activities of which they have been fond—golfing, swimming, skating—merely because they have a nagging feeling that they're getting "too old." Subject to their doctor's approval, they should continue to be active. One patient of mine observed her sixty-first birthday by asking my permission to take modern-dance classes. The ballet-like movements are keeping her body supple and her example has attracted several other grandmothers.

Since I have reached a time when I am caring for two generations of women (and starting on my third), I often hear my thirty-year-olds complaining that their mothers can work rings around them. "She's sixty years old!" they wail. "We go shopping together and I just can't keep up!"

Of course the older woman has the advantage over her daughter. She's past the strain of a cyclic life with its violent contrasts every month and she isn't in the middle of the sucking whirlpool known as the modern spirit of competition. Besides this, she's a spectator to the raising of her grandchildren and takes no part in the tedium of teaching table manners and the reason for telling the truth. The woman of sixty is floating along in perfect freedom in what M. Voltaire once called "the best of all possible worlds."

During the sixties, one final major decision must be made: what to do on retirement. I'm aghast how often this seems to occur to people on the night before the office farewell party. It's a problem that everyone, and particularly single women, should solve twenty years before it happens. A busy and intriguing program should be planned well in advance and timed to start the moment the first pension cheque arrives.

ERE IS an area where women are defeated by their own hope. In offices where the pension plan is not compulsory, very few women are interested in joining. To do so would be a shameful admission that they are permanently "old maids" so they avoid being pensioned with a false and ruinous pride.

The first human necessity for a pensioned person is a home to cherish. The single woman should never live in some dingy room; she needs all her life a comfortable charming haven where she can renew her courage. As she grows older, the need for a home grows with her. It's a good idea to find two or three congenial women of her own age to share a co-operative venture. There doesn't have to be any particular affection for one another—good manners and the fundamental interdependency will be sufficient. Separately, aging single women cannot support the expense of a pleasant home. There are other mutual needs, such as the necessity for kindness in case of illness or sadness.

Some people nearing retirement must look deep into themselves to discover where they truly want to end their days. Many of us are not city folk at all but have secretly longed for years to go back to the farm or village of our childhood.

A favorite patient of mine came to me exuberantly soon after her fifty-sixth birthday. "I've found a place of my own," she confided with shining eyes. "My brother has a room on his farm that overlooks a stream and a woods. I'm living there weekends now and fixing it up and when I retire that's where I'm going. I've just discovered that's where I've wanted to be all my life."

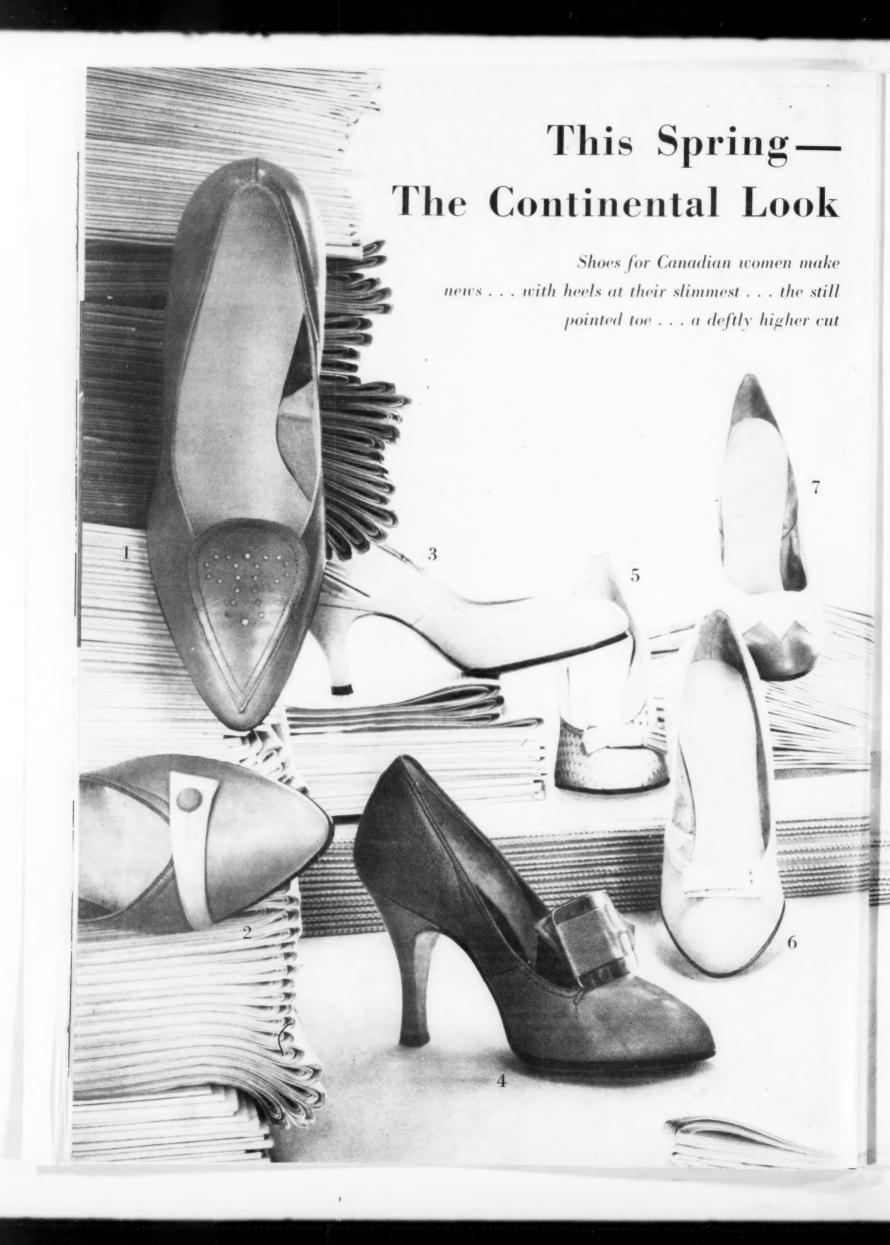
Another working woman spent a good deal of her income for many years winterizing a cottage and filling it with the warmth of copper and chintz. She plans to retire to this bower and she can hardly wait.

Retirement, I feel, means a new adventure in living—not a stopping.

It is time, when people reach their sixties, to give up the strain of a heavy, complex occupation and substitute a new, lighter activity. For women, volunteer work can be perfection. There are hundreds of jobs for capable, knowing hands and the patience and experience of an older woman.

A neighbor of mine discovered the very best job of all. She was a widow and I was sure she would be lonely when her last child was married and moved away. I determined to make an effort to visit her, and I did. But I could never find her at home. She is baby-sitting every weekend to give young parents a chance to get away by themselves. She's one of the most valuable people in our community, performing a real service and doing a land-office business.

It is easier for a woman to retire than fer a man. Women are the homemakers and this faculty never leaves them. They tend a home throughout their working years and continue on afterward without a break. When a man retires it is as if the main switch of his life is turned off and he stands empty-handed. His concentration on success has excluded all other interests, sometimes even his family. He has no re-





IT'S EASY TO

Whether you're a beginner

love these quick, inexpensive young clothes

1936 Coat with grown-up side slits (short-sleeved and patch-pocket style included) unlined, or lined with fabric of sleeveless, scoop-neck dress. Both included . . . and easy to sew. Sizes 1 to 6, 50c.

1739 Young sophisticate — empire-line dress with detachable button-on cape. Use check on bias or white piqué to perk up collar, cuffs. Make the cape reversible by contrasting lining. Sizes 7 to 14, 35c.

1483 Shirt, short pants and a blazer-type jacket (like sister's). Also included, long pants. Team these with matching jacket in denim or corduroy, for school or play. Sizes ½ year to 4, price 35c.

1748 Youngest Ivy Leaguer . . . pleated skirt with straps, or a belt, plus blazer jacket—unlined. Have a plain wool or tartan for skirt and stripes (in her school colors?) for blazer. Sizes 2 to 6, price 35c.

2017 Simple-to-make cape-yoked, sleeveless dress. Might be basic pattern for a set of them. Use gingham, and trim the plain yoke and pockets with same. Pattern shows how to vary style. Sizes 1 to 6, 35c.

2016 Neat for a miss who is growing up. (Pattern 1989 is same style for mother.) The trim could be contrasting fabric or ribbon. Pattern includes a petticoat to swing-out skirt. Sizes 7 to 14, price 35c.

1936

SEW FOR CHILDREN

or tired of fussing with grown-up styles you'll

By VIVIAN WILCOX Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor

4166 Shirt and shorts in plain or striped cotton make an ideal pair for beach and play. Pattern also gives long sleeves for the shirt, and long trousers for the young boy-about-town! Sizes 2 to 6, price 35c.

th

2020 For the sandbox set—a sundress that is also a pinafore to go over the prettily tucked dress included in the pattern. Make in pastel denim with white rickrack trim. Sizes 1/2 year to 3, price 50c.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 431 University Avenue, Toronto.

Sew these and our cover dress, page 34 All you should know about fabrics, page 36



CHATELAINE - MARCH 1957

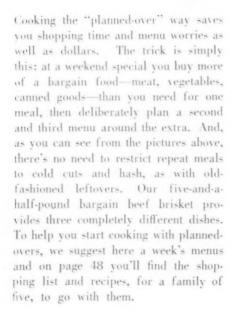
2



HOW TO SAVE WITH "PLANNED-OVER" MEALS

Our new planned meals let you buy extra at a weekend special and still serve second-day dishes that are as interesting and tasty as the originals

BY ELAINE COLLETT





SATURDAY DINNER Curried Beef Brisket



MONDAY DINNER Frosted Meat Basket



WEDNESDAY LUNCH Beef Hot Pot Soup

MENUS FOR ONE WEEK

SATURDAY DINNER Curried Beef Brisket

SUNDAY BREAKFAST Liver Sauté with Mushroom Sauce

SUNDAY DINNER Baked Chicken with Herbs

MONDAY LUNCH Barbecued Wieners with Caraway Cabbage

MONDAY DINNER Frosted Meat Basket

TUESDAY DINNER Liver Loaf with Creole Sauce

WEDNESDAY LUNCH Beef Hot Pot Soup

WEDNESDAY DINNER Chicken Almond

THURSDAY DINNER Glazed Cottage Roll Spiced Cherry Sauce

FRIDAY DINNER Baked Fish in a Blanket Asparagus and Egg Sauce

SATURDAY LUNCH Cottage Roll Sandwiches OR Creamed Ham on Toast

Shopping list and storage hints on page 48

Recipes start on page 49



Favorite go-togethers-soup and crackers!

This is teamwork at its best! Campbell's Vegetable Soup and crisp, fresh crackers—all the makings of great eating. In the soup, there are fifteen vegetables, cooked in fine beef broth, seasoned to bring out the flavor in every last carrot and pea! Whether you dunk or nibble or sprinkle your crackers on top—soup and crackers pair up for goodness everybody likes!



Chowder Cup and Crackers... favorite go-togethers! Campbell's great Clam Chowder choice bay clams in broth and all the good nourishing vegetables you could want.



More Soup and Crackers... that allvegetable treat, Campbell's Vegetarian Vegetable Soup. 15 red, green and yellow vegetables steeped in their own vegetable broth.



For variety, nourishment and good eating . . . always buy Campbells soups

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

Tack this page inside your cupboard door to save yourself menu worries through the next thirty-one days

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 1	Half Grapefruit Cream of Celery Soup Muffins Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Poached Egg on Toast Raw Relishes Cheese Tea Biscuits Stewed Mixed Fruit Milk Tea	Curried Tuna on Rice Green Beans Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Milk Tea	wed 20	Fruit Cocktail Cold Crisp Cereal Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Sausage Rolls Creamed Corn Celery Vanilla Rennet Dessert Sugar Cookies	Tomato Juice Beef Stroganoff Parsley Potatoes Mashed Turnip Blueberry Pudding
SAT 2	Apple Juice Cooked Wheat Porridge Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Creamed Canned Asparagus on Toast Crisp Bacon Sliced Oranges Chelsea Buns Milk Tea	Tomato Cocktail Beef Pot Roast Diced Turnp Parsley Potatoes Caramel Blancmange Cookies	тни 21	Baked Apple (planned-over) Creamy Scrambled Eggs Muffins Red Currant Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Grilled Cheese Sandwich with Lettuce Yesterday's Pudding Milk Tea	Lamb Stew Vegetable Mashed Potatoes Strawberry Tarts Coffee Milk Te
sun 3	Stewed Fruit (leftover) Soft-cooked Egg Toasted Crumpets Pineapple Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Corn Chowder Melba Toast Celery Curls Jelly Doughnuts Chocolate Eggnogs	Baked Chicken and Herbs* Duchess Potatoes Creamed Carrots Lee Cream Almond Iced White Cake	FRI 22	Orange Juice Bite-sized Shredded Wheat Toast Peanut Butter Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheese Dumplings in Tomato Sauce Strawberry Tarts (leftover) Milk Tea	Fish Sticks in Sweet and Sour Sauce Fluffy Rice Green Beans Lime Chiffon Pudding
MON 4	Grapefruit and Pineapple Juice Sugar-coated Corn Flakes Bran Muffins Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Potato Pancakes (planned-over potatoes) Apple and Celery Salad Quick Chocolate Pudding White Cake	Noodles and Meat Balls Tomato Sauce Spinach and Lettuce Salad Cherry Cobbler Coffee Milk Tea	SAI 23	Blended Juice Bacon Curls Crumpets Freshly Made Apricot and Pineapple Jam	Curried Eggs on Toast Grapefruit Coffee Cake Milk Tea	Chili Con Carne Fresh Greens Ice Cream Jelly Roll Coffee Milk Te
TUE 5	Sectioned Orange Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Spanish Omelet Celety Graham Crackers Jelly and Cream Cheese Milk Tea	Chicken Loaf (planned-over chicken) Spinach Yams Peaches Custard Sauce Coffee Milk Tea	sun 24	Sliced Oranges Creamed Sweetbreads in Popovers Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Carrot and Raisin Salad Baked Caramel Custard Jelly Roll Milk Tea	Consommé Beef Kabobs Onions and Green Peppe Mashed Potatoes Apple Pie and Cheese
WED 6	Applesauce Scrambled Eggs Toast Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Split Pea Soup Sticks of Raw Carrot Stewed Rhubarb Oatmeal Cookies Milk Tea	Spaghetti Mushroom and Ripe Olive Sauce Celery Strawberry Cream Cheese Pic	MON 25	Chopped Dates on Corn Flakes Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Celery Soup Crackers Bologna Sandwiches Relish Raisin Squares Milk Tea	Steamed Salmon Lemon Butter Creamed Carrots Baked Potato Pineapple and Orange Sherb
тни 7	Orange Juice Bran Flakes Toasted Raisin Bread Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Bacon and Egg Pie Green Salad Applesauce (planned-over) Cooktes	Onions Stuffed with Liver Scalloped Potatoes Carrot Stucks Rhubarb Betty Coffee Milk Tea	TUE 26	Mixed Vegetable Juices Soft-cooked Egg Toast Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Molded Salmon Salad on Lettuce Hot Cinnamon Buns Milk Shakes Milk Tea	Barbecued Spareribs Hashed Brown Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Steamed Date Pudding Coffee Milk To
FRI 8	Grapefruit and Orange Sections Fried Eggs Tosst Peanut Butter Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Oyster Stew Bread Sticks Celery Chocolate Layer Cake Milk Tea	Vegetable Plate Lima Beans in Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Cole Slaw Apple Dumplings Coffee Milk Tea	wed 27	Grapefruit Juice Portidge Cinnamon Buns Molasses Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Frozen Chicken Pie Potato Chips Crisp Relishes Sliced Bananas Milk Tea	Hamburg Patties Mushreom Soup and Sou Cream Sauce Mashed Potatoes Carr Lime Sherbet Date Bre
SAT 9	Tomato Juice Broiled Bacon Frozen Waffles Toasted Molasses or Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Lima Beans (planned-over) Wieners Corn Meal Muffins Pears in Ginger Syrup Milk Tea	Cook's Night off Phone for Take-Out Chinese Meal	тни 28	Apple Juice Scrambled Eggs Bacon Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Leftover Mixed Vegetables and Cheese Casserole Fresh Clover Leaf Rolls Coconut Cream Pudding Milk Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Potato Puffs Buttered Cabbage Preserved Cherries Date Bread
sun 10	Baked Apples Kippered Herring Muffins Honey Butter Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cucumber and Cream Cheese Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Chocolate Cake Milk Tea	Baked Ham Apricot Halves Radishes and Olives Duchess Potatoes Green Peas Bavarian Cream Cookies Coffee Milk Tea	FRI 29	Stewed Figs Shredded Wheat Biscuit Muffins Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Raw Vegetable Salad Meatless Pizza (Tomatoes, Cheese, Anchovies) Junket with Nutmeg Milk Tea	Grape Juice Baked Fish in a Blanket Broccoli Hollandaise Sauce Poppy Seed Cake
мон 11	Grapefruit Juice Hot Oatmeal Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Oxtail and Barley Soup Crackers Cheese Stulted Celery Bavarian Cream (leftover) Milk Tea	Cold Ham Hot Potato Salad Kernel Corra Raisin Pie Coffee Milk Tea	SAT 30	Orange Juice French Toast Muffins Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Scotch Broth Toasted Frozen Waffles Preserved Green Plums Cookies Milk Tea	Chicken Cacciatore Noodles Mushroom Perfection Salad Baked Alaskas Coffee Milk Te
TUE 12	Orange Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Creamed Ham on Corn Bread Green Salad Peach Halves in Syrup Milk Tea	Stuffed Beef Heart Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Ice Cream Ginger Cookies Coffee Milk Tea	31	Grape Juice Griddlecakes Broiled Bananas Maple Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Chicken à la King on Toast Green Salad Applesauce Cake Milk Tea	Roast Spring Lamb Mint, Apple, Onion Relis Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Carrot Coins Boston Cream Pie
WED 13	Oven Toasted Rice Cereal and Sheed Bananas Corn Bread (leitover) Peanut Butter Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Shirred Eggs Buttermik Biscutts Tomato Aspic Stewed Prunes in Orange Juice Milk Tea	Pork Chops with Apple Sauce Creamed Onions Fluffy Rice Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce				
тни 14	Apricot Nectar Eggnog Whole-wheat Flakes Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Spanish Rice Crisp Bacon Celery Cottage Pudding (leftover) Milk Tea	Minced Veal Patties Baked Bananas Green Beans Home-fried Potatoes Lemon Snow Cookies Coffee Milk Tea		CHATELAINI POPPY SEED	CAKE	HE MONTH
FRI 15	Stewed Prunes (leftover) Hot Cereal with Cream and Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheese Crumb Soufflé Carrot and Green Pepper Slaw Peach Betty Milk Tea	Buffet Company Dinner Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres Shrimp Creole Patty Shells Chet's Salad Herb Dressing Pincapple Refrigerator Cake		1 ₂ cup butter 3 ₂ 2 egg yolks 1 teas ₁ 1 ₂ cup poppy seeds soak		
		1			· white to the second		10 80 10

Hot Tomato Juice Sausage and Sweet Potato Casserole Tossed Cabbage Salad Apricot Compote Spice Cake

Apricot Compote Spice Cake

Wing Steaks
Whole Potatoes
Harvard Beets
Cherry and Apple Pie
Coffee Milk Tea

Breaded Baked Liver
Mushroom Sauce
Scalloped Potatoes
Celery Sticks
Fruit Cocktail Cookies

Fish and Chips Spinach Hot Baked Apple Wafers ffee Milk

night in 34 cup milk

1% cup sifted cake flour

2 teaspoons baking powder

12 teaspoon salt



*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

16

SUN 17

MON

18

TUE 19

Pineapple Juice Poached Egg on Toast ffee Chocolate Milk Drink

Halved Orange Oatcakes Molasses Bacon Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink

Half Grapefruit Oatmeal and Milk Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink

Apple Juice Flufly Omelet Graham Muffins Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink

Fruit Salad Plate Apples, Celery in Lime Jelly Cottage Cheese Spice Cake Brown Sugar Broiled Icing

Vegetable Soup
Crackers
Sardine and Egg Sandwiches
Apricot Whip Cookies
Milk Tea

Macaroni and Tomato
Casserole
Carrot Curls
Jellied Fruit
Milk Tea



It's "Cream of Wheat" weather. Guard your family with https://doi.org/10.1001/journal.org/https://doi.org/10.1001/journal.org/https://doi.org/<a href="https://do

Gives you a nice warm feeling to know you've given them good, nutritious "Cream of Wheat" on days like this . . . gives them a nice warm feeling, too.





Chatelaine's Chatty Chipmunk

A game, a story and two things to make



Starts to rain. Go back home

for rubbers.

Call for Jeff

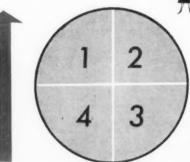
Jay. Miss a

turn.

5

3

It is a good thing I left for school early the other morning. Just look at all the things that happened to me. I've made it into a game you all can play. Make a spinner the way I have shown you before with a thumbtack up through the centre of the circle, a little piece of straw and then the arrow on the point of the thumbtack. Start at 1, and spin for moves.



Hear bell ringing. Run to school.

27

N ow here is something I know you CAN do. Just complete the words in the story that start with CAN.

Harry lived in a tent made of CAN - - - with his beautiful yellow CAN - - -. One day he saw a stranger approaching. Could he be a savage CAN - - - - ? The man was carrying a CAN - - - sack full of CAN - - and CAN - - - - -; he was followed by a small barking CAN - - -. He gave Harry a CAN - -. Then Harry took the friendly man for a walk and showed him a CAN - - - which some soldiers had left behind. When they got back from their walk it was dark so they lit some CAN - - - . They were so happy they danced the CAN ---. They ate some CAN -----. Then they blew out the CAN ---- and went to sleep in the CAN - - - tent.

26 Go back to 24 to pick flowers

teacher.

for

Thelma Thrush gives a ride to Jean Mink's house, No.

causas' cauais' caunipal' causas' cauqs' cautalonbe, canine, cands, cannon, candles, can-

If you have a wooden box such as some fruit and vegetables come in you can make a very attractive handbag. Paint the outside any color you like. Cut a strip of material as long as three times the height of the box and as wide as the box is around. Seam it up one side and turn a 11/2-inch hem at the top. Sew another row of stitching 1/2 an inch up from the first (for the drawstring to go through). Cut a piece of material to fit the bottom of the box and sew the rough edge of the big piece of material to it. Arrange the fullness at the four corners. Paste the square bottom of the material to a square piece of cardboard and glue the cardboard to the inside of the bottom of the box. Glue the material around the inside of the top of the box. Run a drawstring through the stitching (I used a shoelace).



T o make a pretty jewelry box, glue three large match boxes together either side by side or on top of each other as I have done. Cover the outside with wallpaper or cloth pasted on and color the drawers. Brass paper fasteners make nice little handles.

16



cau' cautalonbe, candles, canvas.

Good-by for now



20

Laughing Brook to 23.

22

21

Fall in brook.

Miss a turn.

Lost pencil. Find it under toadstool. Back to 6.

Stops raining. back to Jean

15

17

18

Call for Billy Beaver. Miss a turn.

19



You know how good cooks (and nutrition authorities) say to cook vegetables. *Quick*. So you keep the flavor, color, and nourishment.

Well, the Green Giant has now found a way to quick-cook his Niblets Brand corn.

The corn races through a new kind of

pressure cooker on a mile-long spiral track. In almost as little time as it takes to tell, it's done.

The result is pretty wonderful. All the flavor and fun of a fresh roastin' ear. Only thing missing is the cob. New Niblets. Just heat, serve, and let yourself go.

niblets Corn

the quick-cooked corn

teen tempo

Here's what you can do about problem parents and phone-happy girl friends

BY SUSAN COOPER

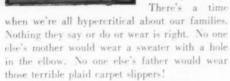


It's agony when parents meet your date

"Mother! Your sweater has a hole in the elbow! Father, at least you could change those terrible slippers!" A new date is calling for you and your parents refuse to fuss at all. You're going to be absolutely mortified. Then, when Bill, or Jim, does arrive Father says hello and goes back to reading his paper. Or he starts a conversation about world affairs. Bill lights a cigarette and Mother, who's death on smoking, freezes him

cold with a frown and departs to finish the dishes. It's all too horrible for words!

Or so you think.



Well, the fact is everyone's family has some foibles and most people in their teens, at one time or another, feel ashamed of their parents. It only lasts a short time, but while it does it's excruciating. When we're very young, parents are perfect. Then we find parents are human and the reaction is extreme. That's all.

However, you can prevent friction when dates

call with a little diplomatic action on your part. Be sure your introductions are letter-perfect, no hesitations, no embarrassment. As always, you present the younger to the older. "Mother and Dad, I'd like you to meet Bill," is just right.

You never leave people hanging on that, though; always add a qualifying phrase so that the people just introduced can start a conversation. Something like, "Dad, Bill is crazy about hockey too," or "Mother, Bill has the wildest hobby, cooking spaghetti with special sauces."

Then you can withdraw for a few minutes to finish primping. But never take longer than a very few minutes. Bill will feel more agonized minute by minute, wondering where you are, and a definite strain will set in. After all, spaghetti and hockey talk can only last so long!

If you don't meet Bill at the door, you don't have to worry about introductions. Your parents and Bill will introduce themselves, but you should have everyone primed for conversation. Tell Bill in advance that your mother hates smoking. Tell your mother about Bill's hobby. Tell your father and Bill they share a common interest—hockey. You'll have paved the way for everyone to be at ease and far more prepared to like each other, which is exactly what you want!

A happy "Good-by, we won't be late!" and your evening is off to a perfect start.

tacked onto them. They're dainty now with sweaters and later with blouses. Tie the collar and cuffs on with a little velvet-ribbon bow.

This spring, look for somewhere to pack away your big wide crinolines. Skirts bell from the hips, not the waist, and have built-in fullness. Dresses with full skirts will be perfect without crinolines, since the skirts will have the extra inch of length that's right this year.

When do you phone him?

One girl writes: "A girl friend of mine is always phoning boys, for no reason but just to talk to them. She talks and talks for ages. I've heard the boys make jokes about her phoning. She isn't that popular, though she's quite pretty.

She doesn't go out much and I don't think this is helping her. I don't think it's right but I don't know how to tell

her she's wrong without hurting her feelings."

Girls shouldn't phone boys except for a specific reason—to invite them to a party or some concrete project. Phoning with invented excuses or just to talk is bound to cause gossip among the boys—who do treat it as a joke. The reason, of course, is that boys still like to feel they are in charge of the dating situation, and if they feel like phoning a girl they will do it themselves. Constant phone calls from a girl make a boy feel he's being chased and hemmed in and he doesn't like it. It certainly isn't going to persuade him to ask for a date—quite the opposite, in fact.

Without being cruel, and telling your friend that she is causing talk with her phone calls, about all you can do is direct a conversation in a group of girls to the effect that boys hate girls who chase and phone them all the time. Then you can hope your friend takes the hint,

Watch for TEEN TEMPO next month, with news and views on teen fashions, dates and etiquette. Susan Cooper will be pleased to answer your questions or problems by mail. The best letters will appear in this column (no names will be published). Write to:

> Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Exams are coming-try this?

Here are a few painless study hints . . . For history and English gather some congenial arguers together some evening and get everyone talking . . . about people in the books you're doing, authors, every other phase. You'll be astonished how much you learn from other people's ideas and amazed how much you remember simply by discussion.

And here's an idea that virtually does away with cramming . . . You have notes to study from. Synopsize them. Read them over and synopsize them again. Do this until you have

the kernel of the main problems down in catch phrases, then make lists of the phrases. Do this with every subject, then pin the lists on your mirror. Every time you're putting on lipstick or pinning up your hair, go over the phrases, mentally enlarging on each one to cover all of the problem it takes in. You'll soon find you've learned your subject backward—painlessly!



Florals and flowers, 'cause spring's acoming

For a winter-into-spring accessory, make yourself a combination cummerbund, with a big floral pattern on one side and a plain complementary color on the other. Use buckram in the middle so it won't buckle, and snap fasteners. The bestlooking ones are shaped in front, not straight.

Also ultra-feminine and easy to make are collars and cuffs of pastel velvet, with little flowers



Plymouth's revolutionary Torsion-Aire Ride takes the bounce out of bumps, the tilt out of turns

You know you've discovered a new kind of thrill the moment you step into a big, beautiful Thrill-Power Plymouth. And the second your toe triggers its responsive Thrill-Power Go, an exciting "I want it" urge takes hold of you.

But the fun has just begun. Try a new Plymouth with Torsion-Aire Ride on any road you can name. You'll find the ride is so smooth you'll think the road has been paved with velvet. And notice the way you level 'round curves . . . and how smoothly you stop, with scarcely a trace of "nosedive". You can chalk it all up to Plymouth's remarkable Torsion-Aire Ride . . . made possible by a new and exclusive Chrysler-engineered suspension system utilizing a revolutionary new type of torsion-bar springing.

But prove to yourself there's no ride so amazingly smooth as Torsion-Aire. Your dealer will be pleased to have you thrill-test a new *Thrill-Power* Plymouth today.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

THRILL-POWER



Plymouth is the lowest priced car with . . .

- New Flight-Sweep styling
- New Thrill-Power Go
 New Total-Contact brakes
- New push-button Torque-Flite
- automatic transmission
 New Chrysler-engineered Torsion-Aire Ride

You're Always a Step Ahead in Cars of The Forward Look

SEW AND SAVE FOR SPRING

Tips on Sewing For Children



Our cover girl's dress and pinafore

The Alice-in-Wonderland dress on our cover, worn by pretty little Diane Boasie, was made from Simplicity Pattern 1745. It is a separate dress and pinafore, and a pattern for the identical doll's outfit is included. We made the dress of pink cotton, the pinafore of Bruck's flocked nylon, a white-on-pink, flowered design. The pinafore could be repeated in several

fabrics and colors to go over the one basic dress. The pattern includes sweetheart pockets for the dress when worn alone. The scalloped hemline can be done in three ways—depending on the fabric. A double hem; a rolled hem; or picoted—double picot stitching around scalloped outline and cutting through to leave a lacy edge. Sizes 1 to 6, 35 cents.

Tips for all children's clothes

Children's clothes are among the easiest, and perhaps most satisfying to sew. This view is shared by Evelyn Bennett, fashion stylist for Simplicity Pattern Company for many years. For the beginner to home sewing, they are the best type of clothes to learn upon. There are no tricky details like zippers and shaped sleeves, no careful fitting over a curved body (children are mainly straight up-and-down).

But the most important fact to any mother who sews her children's clothes is the low cost for which she can produce a dress compared with what she has to pay for readymades. Added to which, the range of patterns and fabrics is so full, she can dress her child in exactly what she wishes, and quite differently from anyone else.

Here are some tips on children's clothes Evelyn Bennett passes along to home sewers:

Choose fabries for children's clothes for their easy faundering; cottons like poplin, gingham, broadcloth, denim; Viyella and washable woolens. They are also easiest to sew.

Some synthetics like nylon. Terylene and Dacron, and blends with a high proportion of these synthetics, are becoming popular because they need little or no ironing.

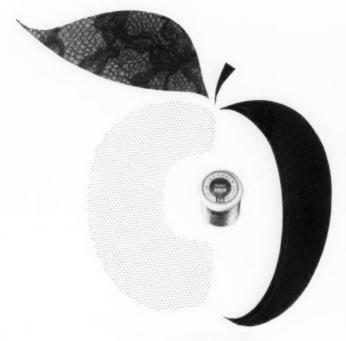
When you buy fabric watch to see it is removed from the roll in the store by tearing, not cutting. This ensures a straight piece of material—running straight along the threads, not across. Nylon fabrics should be cut by drawing a thread first and cutting along the space left.

Before cutting your pattern, smooth out creases from the tissue pieces with a cool iron and lay them along the fabric first. See how you are going to cut it. Be sure to cut according to the grain line indicated on pattern. Allow plenty of seamage and turn-up for hems-you can always take off but you can't put on. A deep hem will allow for letting down as the child grows. The exception is a full, bias-cut skirt. Half-inch turn or narrow rolling is the best method here. Remember that an all-around pleated skirt is hemmed before the pleats are put in. Collars and cuffs on older children's designs should be interlined. Pellon (a fabric that washes and washes, retaining its firmness) is best. Rickrack and bias tape make good trimming for children's wearthey are gay, easy to sew and wash

An important step, stressed by Miss Bennett, when sewing, is to press open seams and darts as you go.

Follow the printed instructions inside the pattern closely: they have been worked out and tested by experts. You can be certain they are the best methods. With each pattern you will always find a guide for every detail of the style, such as buttonholes, smocking, or edging. Plus streamlined and carefully checked, step-by-step instructions for fitting taking measurements, making alterations, cutting and sewing. Simplicity have a special range of children patterns called "Chubbies"—for children who are difficult to fit.

Tips on Fabrics—page 30



if you can't resist...





new and different In and Model of the second of the secon



TUNA RAREBIT — Make 2 cups of your favorite white sauce, Add 2 seven ounce cans Clover Leaf Solid White Tuna, broken in pieces, and ½ to ½ cup small cheese squares, 1 tablespoon sliced pimento. Toast the inside of 6 sliced hamburger buns. Pour tuna mixture over bottom half of buns and place tops on.

Serve with green peas, garnish with parsley.

Tuna—it's your simplest meal or most elegant. Sandwiches or salads? You're ready in minutes with tuna on the shelf. With a shrimp or mushroom sauce? In a souffle or a casserole? Then, tuna can be truly regal. So, whether it's to be snacks in the kitchen or a buffet supper, put tuna on your list.

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CHATELAINE - MARCH 1957

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NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION

ALMOND TWISTS

Measure into bowl

1 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Cream

1/3 cup butter or margarine
Blend in

1/2 cup granulated sugar 11/2 teaspoons salt

Blend in, part at a time

2 well-beaten eggs

Add the yeast mixture and

1 teaspoon vanilla

2 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour and beat until smooth and elastic.

Work in an additional

21/4 cups (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board; knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl. Brush

top of dough with melted shortening. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1 hour.

Meantime prepare and combine

3/4 cup finely-crushed cracker crumbs

1/2 cup blanched almonds, finelyground

3/4 cup granulated sugar

1 slightly-beaten egg

2 tablespoons water

1½ teaspoons almond extract

Punch down dough. Turn out and halve the dough; set one portion aside to shape later. Roll one portion into a 12-inch square. Spread ½ of square with half the crumb mixture. Fold plain third of dough over crumb mixture, then fold remaining third over top — making 3 layers of dough and 2 of filling. Cut rectangle into 18 strips. Twist each strip twice; place on greased cookie sheet. Press 2 or 3 blanched almonds into filling of each twist. Brush with melted butter or margarine; sprinkle with sugar. Shape second portion of dough in same manner. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about 1 hour. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20 to 25 mins. Yield: 36 twists.



A complete Canadian guide to today's man-made and natural fabrics. What they are, their uses, their care. Plus—how to pick the fabric that will flatter you and suit your sewing pattern

PABRIC IS wonderful stuff. It can resist heat and wrinkles, shed water and dirt, keep you cool in summer or warm you in winter. Rightly chosen, its color and texture can play up your personality, add height to a small woman or subtract it from a large one. Wrongly chosen, the fabric—its pattern, weight or texture—can mar any dressmaking project right from the start.

Today, a knowledge of cloth is more important than ever. Old, familiar weaves wear new faces and new ones are constantly being developed. So ask yourself these questions when you're shopping for fabrics.

How much should I spend?

As much as you possibly can. Don't make the mistake of paring the cost too fine. Agreed, half the point of sewing your own clothes is to stretch a tight budget, but beyond a certain point economy ceases to pay off. A cheap fabric never results in anything but a cheap garment. You can't spend five dollars on material and come up with a dress that looks worth fifty. Far better to spend more on fabric. Then, for the same amount of time and work involved, you will have a dress that looks twice its cost.

How would I look in it?

Know your own shape and the fabrics that wrap it in the best light. If you are small (under five foot five) and chubby, avoid stiff, shiny or bulky fabrics, eye-stopping prints or plaids and off-beat colors like bright reds and orange. They will all add pounds to your appearance. Instead pick smooth, dull-surfaced fabrics—sheer soft wool, worsted, gabardine, linen, silk shantung, opaque sheers in dark, cloudy colors, small, closely spaced prints or vertical stripes. Cool shades—smoky greys, blues, dark

neutrals—are kind to an ample frame. Bright, light colors are not.

If you are small and slender you can wear all of these, plus nubby and surfaced cloths. For example, corduroy, wool bouclé, broadcloth, faille, satin can be added to your list. Again, colors should be cool and dark rather than bright and hectic. A small woman dressed from head to toe in bright red is too apt to look like a hobgoblin

The tall, well-built girl has limitations too. She should stick to soft, pliant fabrics which hang well but don't cling. Lace, wool crepe, chiffon, fine, dry worsted, tissueweight tweeds are examples. And Donegal tweed, with its fine speckled surface, breaks up a large area in a very quiet way — makes a broad, tall woman look less so. Large, blurred prints in silk surah or foulard have the same happy effect. Conversely, shiny surfaces, napped and pile fabrics add inches and curves where they are not wanted.

Her tall, slender sister is more fortunate. She can take to heavy, shaggy or shiny fabrics—tweeds, thick and nubby, that look as though they were knitted on giant needles; velour, longhaired fleeces; satin, lamé, moire; sprawling prints, horizontal stripes and bold colors. Her choice is legion. If she tends to be thin, she should concentrate on the soft, napped fabrics — duvetyn, flannel, zibeline, velvet and so on—which will blur and curve any angles.

If you are five foot five with a perfect set of measurements, just take your pick of the fabric field. Bear in mind only the familiar requirements of coloring and complexion.

Does the fabric suit the pattern?

On the back of every pattern you'll find a list of suitable fabrics. Let this, and your own limitations, be your guide. Some people can whip up a pattern in satin which was originally intended for denim—and look like a

million dollars. Marvelous if you can do Fatal if you can't.

Be especially wary of prints. There are some bewitching, mouth-melting ones in the stores but the fact that you dore strong line and color does not mean that you can wear it regardless of your shape and your pattern.

Prints can be divided roughly into three different categories. First, there are the small, geometric prints-you see them most often in silk surah and foulard. Neat, evenly spaced on a dark ground, they can be worn by practically anyone and make perfect city dresses and soft suits. Second come the dappled prints—flowers and leaves in fragile or muted colors, blurred and strewn closely across cotton, silk or a synthetic, Pais-ley prints are a good example. Granted that you can wear prints in the first place, these are nearly always a sure-fire success—for dresses, blouses and even coats. Lastly, there are the bold, mad prints in poster-paint colors—Mexican hats, cocktail glasses, Spanish bullfighters and Parisian street scenes. The list is endless, is mostly lighthearted and fun. The clothes they are bought for should be lighthearted and fun likewise: play clothes, separates, garden and beach dresses. Within these limits, you are on a loose, safe rein.

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If you are a dressmaking novice, remember that cotton is the easiest fabric to work with-is, therefore, a good starting choice. Begin with a petticoat or slip (mistakes won't show), progress to a blouse and then an easy-to-make dress. Look for a pattern with dolman sleeves. full skirt and belted waist. It rules out the worry of set-in sleeves and fitting the waist. Next to cotton comes wool. It behaves beautifully whether you're cutting, stitching, pressing or wearing it. Best of all is a fine, grainy tweed. It hides nervous stitching lines. Until you are expert, steer clear of sheers, fine silk, synthetics, prints, plaids and stripes, and napped or metallic fabrics.

Will it be hard to take care of?

Always look at the label. It will tell you exactly what fibres have made the fabric-and this will tell you how it should behave. If the bolt bears no label, ask the salesgirl for the fibre content. If she doesn't know, ask the fabric buyer. A bolt of material may look like wool when in fact it is wool-and-synthetic, in which case it must be handled as wool-and-synthetic.

Know your fabrics

Here is a glossary of fabrics-animal vegetable and mineral. Cut it out and keep it as a reference to help you recognize fabrics more readily, get the most from them, and care for them better.

Natural fibres

Wool is an animal fibre, its texture depending upon the back that grew it. For instance, the Ilama of Bolivia and Peru produces alpaca; the Angora goat, mohair; and the Bactrian camel of southwestern Asia, camel hair. Most every-lay wool comes from the familiar sheep.

Virgin wool is woven from new fibres. Reprocessed wool is, as its name implies, made from fibres which have been previously woven into fabric, but never In the World of Desserts - with Frances Barton.

Year after year, families go on loving the flavor and creaminess of old-fashioned puddings and cream pies. And it's so simple to give your family just what they want, when you depend on the rich-tasting, creamy perfection of Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings!

Coffee flavored desserts are favorites in many homes. And what more delicious way to serve this interesting flavor — than in smooth, delicately-flavored Coffee Cream Pudding!

COFFEE CREAM PUDDING

1 pkg. Jell-O Vanilla Pudding & Pie Filling 1 tbsp. Instant Maxwell House Coffee* 2 cups milk ½ cup whipping cream

Combine pudding mix, instant coffee, and milk in saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Pour into bowl. (To avoid surface film, place waxed paper directly on surface of hot pudding.) Chill. Then beat slowly with rotary egg beater. Whip cream and fold into pudding. Spoon into sherbet glasses. Garnish with grated chocolate or slivered nuts, if desired. Makes

* 1 cup of strong coffee may be substituted for the instant coffee. Reduce milk to 3/4 cup. Combine coffee and milk before adding to pudding mix.

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When the pies you serve have to be tops in flavor and goodness - what else would you use but the kind of pie fillings you cook? There's nothing to match them!

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> MOCHA PIE - Add 2 thsps. Instant Maxwell House Coffee to Jell-O Chocolate Pie Filling. Cook according to package directions, Cool 5 minutes. Pour into baked 8-inch pie shell. Chill. Serve with border of whipped cream sprinkled with nuts.

Jell-O is a registered trade mark owned in Canada by General Foods, Limited

Tapioca Puddings: Vanilla Chocolate Orange-Coconut

used. Re-used wool is rewoven from fabrics that have been worn.

Worsted (made from highly twisted, combed wool yarns) is smooth-faced, very hard-wearing and tailors perfectly. Woolen (made from loose, carded yarn) is softer, rougher and less hard-wearing than worsted.

CARE: Like the hair on your head, wool fabrics thrive on brushing—after each wearing and before they are stored. They can be washed, but with scrupulous care. It's safer to send them to a

good dry cleaner. Steam away wrinkles, and hang on a padded hanger for twentyfour hours between wearings to allow the fibres to regain their resilience.

CHECK THE LABEL: For mothproofing, shrinkage and crease-resistance.

Silk is another animal fibre. Spun by the silkworm, it is the strongest natural fibre and has a rich lustre all its own. A wild silkworm on an oak-leaf diet spins a coarser, more irregular filament (tussah or wild silk) than the tame, mulberry-fed breed. Silk is loomed many ways to make fabrics that are crisp or soft, thick or fine, slubby or smooth. Some lingerie, blouse and dress fabrics can be washed (always by hand with pure soap flakes). Press when damp-dry with a warm iron on the wrong side. Other more delicate or intricate silks—moire, satin, grosgrain, for instance—should be drycleaned. The label will tell you which course to take.

Cotton comes, as everyone knows, from the cotton plant. Sea Island, Egyp-

tian and Pima cotton are the finest brands (the fibres are long and smooth) while most of the cotton from India and Asia is woven from short fibres and is therefore coarser and thicker. Versatile, tough and immensely adaptable, cotton can be woven into practically anything—pique, corduroy, seersucker.

Although it collects dirt and crinkles easily, cotton wears hard, washes like a song and needs no particular pampering,

CHECK THE LABEL: for special finishes—glazing and how long it is guaranteed to last; mercerizing (increases strength and lustre): Sanforizing (a guarantee against more than one percent shrinkage); crease-resistance.

Linen is another plant fibre, taken this time from the stem of flax. It counts good absorbency and a certain ability to resist dirt and stains among its virtues. Because of its crisp, good-looking texture, it generally appears in a plain weave—as cambric or crash—is never dressier than damask. Like cotton, it is easy to wash but must be ironed while damp on the wrong side with a hot iron.

CHECK THE LABEL: For wrinkleresistance.

Man-made fibres

Rayon is the generic term for three different types of rayon—acetate, viscose and cuprammonium (better known as Bemberg). All are made from wool pulp or cotton linters, and all share various abilities: they can look like silk, wool or linen; they can be soft or shiny, dull or smooth; and, when wet, they temporarily lose most of their strength.

Rayon is hard to pin down. Often, it is blended with natural fibres, to bring the cost down; with other man-made fibres, such as Vicara; or with another rayon—viscose and acetate often appear together.

CARE: Some rayons can be washed, others must be dry-cleaned. Always check the label carefully. Never soak, rub or wring rayons in the laundry tub. They are weak when wet. And never touch a hot iron or nail-polish remover to acctate. The first will "fuse" it, the second dissolve it.

CHECK THE LABEL: for color-fastness, for resistance to creasing, shrinking, spotting and staining, and for permanence of the finish.

Nylon is spun magically from coal, air and water and its many virtues are well known. It is the lightest and strongest of all textile fibres, keeps its strength when wet, sheds water and dirt and is practically impossible to crease. When heat-set into pleats or some specific shape, it stays that way almost forever. Because of its low water-absorbency, nylon has been branded uncomfortable to wear. It need not be so, if the right weave is chosen. Depending upon this, it can be soft and woolly, light and airy, tough and hard-wearing.

When blended with other fibres, nylon gives the fabric some of its own great

CARE: Nylon practically launders itself, but one or two points need watching. White nylon is quick to absorb color—should therefore be washed on its own. If it turns yellow or grey with age, bleach it back with nylon or every day bleach. Nylon blends should be ironed at the nylon or rayon setting

Orlon is an acrylic fibre. It has two faces. One (made from filament yarns) is smooth and lustrous and is used for





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dress, blouse and lingerie fabrics. The other (made from staple yarns) is soft and fluffy, and is knitted into sweaters, socks or jersey fabrics; or woven into imitation fur, tissueweight dress fabrics and suitings, often mixed with other

Orlon is another miracle wash-andwear fibre. It can be warm and bulky, yet weigh next to nothing; hold creases and pleats, vet shed wrinkles; and resist all sorts of evils, from insects to acids.

CARE: Orlon washes easily, dries quickly but is very sensitive to heat. Use warm (never hot) water and wash gently without wringing or twisting. Iron, if necessary, at the rayon temperature.

Acrilan is also an acrylic fibre. Like Orlon, the list of its abilities is long and interesting, reads pretty well the same.

Dynel is the third acrylic fibre. It is more sensitive to heat than either Orlon or Acrilan, and needs more tender care. Probably because of this extra sensitivity, it nearly always appears in blends with other, hardier fibres. It contributes warmth and light weight to the fabric and a wonderful new property-it grows softer with repeated washing. You'll find it mixed with cotton for lingerie fabrics; with wool or rayon for dresses, skirts and suits, and with Orlon for deep-pile

CHECK THE LABEL: for washing or dry-cleaning instructions. Press Dynel fabrics when dry with a dry press cloth and a very mild iron. Direct heat, steam irons and mangles all harm Dynel.

Terylene (or Dacron) can be made two ways-from filament or staple yarn-to look soft and fustrous or fluffy and woollike. It has the synthetic's usual good points-wears practically forever, resists moths and mildew, needs no ironingplus a few more of its own. Wet or dry, wrinkles don't stay, but heat-set pleats do. It holds its shape and doesn't shrink or discolor-whites stay white. It's unlikely to fade under sun-through-glass

When blended with wool, Terylene makes wonderful suitings. To the wool it adds crease-resistance, long life and shape-retention. With cotton, it is perfect for summer shirts and lingerie. The cotton supplies the absorbency that Terylene lacks on its own.

Arnel is a cellulose triacetate fibre and has a smooth, even finish. For a smaller cost than most other synthetics, Arnel (when properly heat-set) provides maximum resistance to stretching, shrinkage and wrinkling and holds fast to its color and texture. It is often blended with other fibres to produce a budget-priced fabric, best used for shirts and lingerie.

CARE: Properly finished Arnel tough, can be washed and tumble-dried at any temperature.

Vicara is made from zein, which is a protein found in corn. Not strong in Vicara is generally mixed with other fibres. Of all the synthetics, Vicara comes nearest of all to being like wool. When mixed with wool, the resulting fabric is crease-proof, softer and less expensive than the real thing. With cotton, it is more pliant and mildew-resistant. Vicara makes rayon easier to dye, and nylon softer and more absorbent.

CHECK THE LABEL: for washing and dry-cleaning instructions. itself can stand either, so the final method depends upon the fibres with which it is blended. The same goes for iron-Vicara-and-wool should be ironed at the wool setting: Vicara-and-rayon at the rayon setting, etc. .



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CHATELAINE'S INVITATION TO BEAUTY

Let's Look Into Your Purse



BY VIVIAN WILCOX

Men say they can tell a lot about a woman from her purse . . . and what it holds. And what it holds! If you have any doubts, turn out your own handbag and count the items you find necessary to get through the day. Yet there are only eight basic items a woman needs: wallet (with chequebook, auto license, money and charge-account plates), keys, change purse, diary-notebook and pen, compact, lipstick, comb and hankie. The business girl might add an extra stocking (in case of runs) to match the pair she's wearing, white gloves in a plastic envelope, perfume—for straightfrom-the-office dates. Smokers will add cigarettes and lighter, or matches. Eyeglass wearers will have them in a case. You are using these things day after day — do they tell an attractive story about you?

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The idea is to be feminine as well as tidy: A pretty hankie as well as tissue: dainty lighter instead of matches; cigarettes in a case (avoids loose tobacco in your purse); keys in key case; a gold or silver pencil. There are many smart ways to make your handbag's contents personal. Imitation antique snuffboxes, to hold vitamin pills or Aspirins; wallet, cigarette and a key case of matching leather; gold or bejeweled perfume vials. With the flair (and the money!) for the unusual you might have an ancient gold or silver pocket-watch case converted into a compact; an old thimble case into a pillbox: or a unique pendant set atop a plain gold compact. If you didn't inherit these, have fun exploring the antique jewelry shops.

Your handbag is an important accessory, so it is wise to invest in the best you can afford. Limited wardrobes can rely on one good handbag in a basic color and style, plus evening purse, to cover most occasions. Classic black or brown calf is good-looking, most practical in the long run. Plastics, however well they resemble leather, seldom fool anyone for long. As for the transparent variety-much too revealing! Fashions in handbags change so little a simple style will last its lifetime, which is several years with leather. Remember when choosing your handbag to keep in mind your own proportions. A five-foot girl needs a medium-to-small bag with more depth than width to give the illusion of height. The tall, slender woman can afford a

more-wide-than-long style; the slim envelope pouch is smart for her. If you're on the heavy side choose, for deception, a handbag of generous dimensions.

Clean out your purse once a week; remove old letters, shopping lists; dust out corners. Rainspots on leather will come off with saddle soap or a neutral polish, which keeps it supple and good-looking. Clean grubby linings by soaking cotton gauze (bandage) with cleaning fluid and rubbing lightly. Scratch or scuff marks can be concealed by carefully coloring the whitish mark with India ink, black or brown dye before polishing.



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Vegetable-Cheese Fondue

I cup milk
I cup soft bread crumbs
I tablespoon butter or
margarine
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains paprika
few grains pepper

I cup green
peax**

3 egg whites

Scald milk; combine with crumbs, butter, or margarine, salt, paprika, pepper, a AC'CENT. Grate chee add. Add unbeaten egg yolks; mix well. Add peas. Beat egg whites stiff; fold in. Bake in greased casserole in moderate oven (350°F) 45 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 4 generous servings.

**Note: Any cooked vegetable may be used instead of peas.

. . the secret of better cooking!

*T. M. REG'D.

GARDEN WITH CHATELAINE



Home-Grown for Gourmets

Plan now for a treat of summer vegetables, to pick straight from the garden and pop in the cooking pot

BY HELEN O'REILLY

THERE ARE several good reasons for growing your own vegetables —economy, nutrition, pride, or because a kitchen garden has a certain old-world charm. But to me none of them amounts to a row of beans beside the fact that there is no other way to get certain vegetables onto your plate in the true perfection of their flavor. No one who has eaten green peas, asparagus or corn within an hour of picking will question this statement, but there are other vegetables as well that are so much better when completely fresh that it may make the difference to you between their being edible or inedible!

In my case, this applies to carrots Those big, beautiful carrots which are on the market all winter are strictly for donkeys as far as I am concerned simply because I don't like their flavor. But the pencil-slim product of the garden row, pulled and popped into the pot of a summer's evening—there is a sweet and suc-culent dish indeed!

The experts tell us the fresher the vegetable the higher the food value, and from my own keen observation, unaided by a shred of scientific knowledge, I would like to pronounce a further doctrine, to wit, the higher the vitamin content the better the taste. Whether or not this great and original contribution to science applies to squash and turnips, I am not prepared to state. I must admit they taste the same to me after months of storage but, being more interested in flavor than vitamins anyway, I recommend you start with the vegetables that I know taste different and then decide for or against kitchen gardening.

Peas are the first planting of the kitchen gardener's year because they thrive in cool weather only. This means they can be sown as soon as the soil is workable, that is, when the muddy stage has passed. Ordinary garden soil is fine for them. The wrinkle-seeded varieties are sweeter than the smooth peas, I have just discovered, but I must confess that it has been laziness that guided my choice I plant Little Marvel peas because they are a bush type and so need no staking! If you intend to freeze some of your crop. I suggest you get Thomas Laxton instead, for although this variety grows as high as two and a half feet and so must be supported. it's a better kind for freezing

Both these varieties are wrinkleseeded and sweet, and if you soak them in water overnight before planting you'll get off to a head start on germinating them. I dote on them so much that I make two plantings, ten days apart, sowing the first lot two to three inches deep and the second. from four to six inches down so that their roots may remain cool under that glorious spring sunshine. You'll be picking your peas within less than two months of planting day and please pick them when the pods are plump but young or all the advantage of superb freshness will be lost to the toughness of age.

I get my lettuce into the ground next because those inevitable "unseasonable" frosts we enjoy in Canada won't hurt it any more than they do peas, and hot weather tends to make lettuce grow too fast and taste bitter. Put your lettuce in your richest, best-drained spot, scattering the sandlike seed as sparsely as you can

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CHATELAINE - MARCH 1957

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take

along the row and covering it lightly. My favorites are Oak Leaf lettuce (hard to find!), Salad Bowl, and Grand Rapids, all of them tender, leaf lettuces that are a salad in themselves. Start thinning out the rows when they stand two inches high—those baby leaves are a genuine delicacy! Here again, two sowings, or even three, will be worthwhile especially if it is cool and depending on your space.

Now the question arises - do you rush in the carrots and beets or start an asparagus bed? To me the asparagus would take precedence if I were not so lucky as to have a bed of it that is probably fifteen years old and going strong. Asparagus is a wonderfully hardy perennial and is worth all the trouble and patience involved in getting a bed of it started, especially as it is more delicious than you can imagine if you have never eaten it right out of the garden. Once it is established, you will cut asparagus for eight weeks every spring. The upkeep of an asparagus bed is slight; it's the initial expense (of time and labor rather than money) that counts, for it takes three years from seed to table.

You will save time, however, by starting with plants instead of seed. A few dozen plants will supply a family, and I suggest you start with as many roots as you can spare the space for since you

Use Easter Seals



will find you can't get too much of this home-grown stuff! Mine, by the way, is Mary Washington of which Viking is the up-to-date version. As early as possible this spring, then, dig a trench fifteen inches deep and work well-rotted manure or compost into the bottom of it. Now fill it to within six inches of the top with a mixture of soil and compost and every two feet make a little mound. Set an asparagus plant on each mound, spreading its roots down the sides, and covering it lightly with the soil-compost mixture. As the sharp spikes raise their heads, put in a little more soil until (by August probably) the trench is filled.

If those spikes, which will burgeon into asparagus fern and turn dull gold in the fall, grow to three feet the first ulumn, you may cut a very little as paragus the next spring providing it comes up in nice fat stalks. If, however, it is thin and spindly, do not dare to cut It but let it gather strength during the entire season. It will be worth this forbearance in the long run. And from here on in your only problem is to keep your asparagus bed free of weeds and fertilized each spring with manure, bone meal, or some chemical fertilizer in the proportions five-eight-seven. The timehonored way to control weeds among paramis is to spread coarse salt over the bed because asparagus survives this WITH
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treatment as no other plant would, but you may find it simpler to hoe a small patch than to salt it.

Carrots and beets run no danger from late frost either. Plant them, too, in the first days of workable soil. Carrots need well-dug soil in order to grow down straight and true. Because I recommend eating garden carrots long before they reach full size, I advise planting as many rows as you can. The seed is so fine I just draw the handle of the hoe down the raked surface of the bed, tear off the corner of the seed packet, tap out the seed along the row, and pat them down. Because carrots are slow to germinate, some gardeners sow lettuce or radish seeds along with the carrots to mark the spot against weeding time, but I just wait and weed when I can recognize carrot fern. Thinning out the row. you get little threadlike carrots as sweet as nuts. I plant Nantes Coreless carrots.

Beets are also a different vegetable when eaten an hour out of the earth. Here again it is a luxury to pull them when they are small—beets the size of walnuts melt in your mouth and their leaves make the tenderest of greens. Beet seeds are actually dried fruits each containing several seeds so try to space them a bit as you plant although, once again, the results of thinning the row are well worth the toil involved. I still plant the old reliable Detroit Dark Red which are firm, round and sweet.

After such Gargantuan labors, surely all fear of frost will be over in your locality, but you must be quite sure of this before you plant beans, corn, or tomatoes. As with peas, I am all for the bush-type beans rather than the climbers for which I must drive in stakes and put

up strings. My green beans, therefore, are the Tenderlong variety, stringless and straight. My yellow ones are Pencil Pod Black Wax, also growing on a neat row of bushes. Beans are worth garden space because they, too, are tenderer when you pick them on the immature side of ripe.

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Corn on the cob is the glory of the kitchen garden. Every hour off the stalk corn loses a fraction of its delicacy. The ideal way to treat it is to put the water on to boil and then go out and pick it Sometimes I am faithful to Golden Bantam and sometimes I buy a variety that I fondly suppose to be a relative of it; this year I have my eye on Golden Beauty. I have two hints on corn planting: If crows may possibly visit your garden, smear your seed corn with coal tar as you plant it for otherwise those black thieves will pull out every tiny blade as it comes up. And plant your corn in several short rows rather than in one or two long ones because it seems to thrive better in a compact square.

Tomatoes will not stand frost either

and they have a particularly fine flavor when picked warm from the sun-but perhaps you have no more garden room? If so, the vegetables aforementioned are probably more important to grow yourself than are tomatoes, although I know of one beginner who was so pleased to home-grown tomatoes that he planted his back garden solidly in them -flower beds, lawn, and all! At last report his friends were borrowing station wagons to share the crop. So you see there's fascination in vegetable culture-but as for me, I plant strictly that I may eat like a gourmet the homegrown vegetable beyond compare. •



DON'T BE AFRAID OF GROWING OLD

Continued from page 21

sources and he collapses with retirement, ages every day and wills himself to die.

Retirement needs planning and wives should prevent their husbands from indulging in the fantasy that they will never be sixty-five. Some men can turn happily to gardens. I know one ulcer-ridden executive who discovered that he was a fine carpenter and has filled his children's homes with tables and bookcases they couldn't afford to buy. Such men wear indolence becomingly and look younger with the passing years.

Most men facing retirement should find a job that doesn't involve the physical endurance and nervous frustration better carried by younger men. This means a job with less responsibility, which many

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This little chick is stamped on yellow felt and will stand six inches high when finished. This soft cuddly toy is an Easter gift suggestion. C302. Kit includes stamped felt, thread, ribbon and instructions for making. Price, 50 cents.

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men foolishly consider insulting. It is humiliating for a human to feel less valuable but such feelings are illogical in an older man. Let the young men carry the weight of decisions now and be content to be a counselor, keeping in mind that it's a healthy sign of independence for the young to ignore the advice of elder statesmen. The older man's contribution to society is his experience — not his vigor.

The years of retirement are sometimes blessed with the beginning of a marriage that has suffered from abuse, ennui and irritation for many decades. In the fine, quiet years of old age, the man and wife learn companionship and affection for perhaps the first time. They are drawn together by their common interest in the

progress of their children. As they break down a, little in vitality and health, they become gentle in mutual sympathy.

This is a sad time for broken marriages because almost certainly the wife will be rejoicing in her grandchildren while the husband is alone and possibly unwelcome.

The living-in problem

I learned during the war that grandmothers are the steady framework on which the world rests. I was delivering as many as five babies in a single day and I usually found the waiting room filled with women. The men were away, fighting a war, but the grandmothers were standing by their daughters. Just a few months ago the husband of a patient of mine was killed in an auto accident just before her baby was born. When I finished the delivery and came into the hospital corridor to give the news to the family, there was the grandmother again, solid and sure.

An outgrowth of grandmothers' standing by unfortunately can be that the older woman moves right in with her daughter or son. There are exceptions, but this is usually an unhappy arrangement. The main difficulty is that the roles of the two women involved are reversed and neither can adjust. The daughter is in charge of the household, where once she was an inept pupil leaning on her mother's counsel. The mother is a guest whose advice breeds antagonism, where once she was queen of all she surveyed.

It is a bitter dose for anyone to become dependent. Even brides find it awk-

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ward to accept money from their husbands at first, an embarrassment that sometimes takes years to dissipate. Consider how much more galling it is for an older person, accustomed to his own home and his own well-earned income for forty years, to move in with young people whose routine is unfamiliar and be forced to need from them gifts of food, clothes, cigarettes and affection. It is too much to bear and the young couple shouldn't be surprised to find, instead of the gentle, grateful citizen they expected, an irascible, agitated old person. It would be flying in the face of human nature to behave otherwise.

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Many young people, moved by the violent emotion that follows a death in the family, urge the remaining parent to join their household. Don't. I say this for the sake of the older person. No one should remove an aging person's independence from him without realizing that there is a risk of blighting that person's existence. The older man or woman is far better off with fewer material advantages and with independence than in the most elegant home where conformity with local rules is required.

Ideally, the housing found for older people should be close to their younger relatives, so that visiting can be frequent. Many older people, particularly the cranky ones, are best off in an older citizens' home, where they can happily argue all day long with their contemporaries. I'm discouraged at the number of people who prefer the misery of living with a bad-tempered old person to the pleasant solution of supporting him or her in an old people's home.

"How can I have such a thing on my conscience?" they protest. "I can't send my mother away!"

Nonsense. Put it on a trial basis and see if I'm not right. Providing the family ties are not dissolved by the separation, the older person will thrive in the company of other elderly people.

If, however, there is no alternative to the older person moving in, a set of firm rules should be established in the beginning. Later it will be impossible to set up any restrictions without tears on the one hand and guilt on the other.

Coughs and dawn wanderings

The needs of every household will differ, but I think it is essential that the main part of the family should have breakfast alone. The mother can get a good start on her day and the husband and children set off for work and school peacefully, without the germ of irritation that fuses the bomb of temper.

This can be accomplished by having the older person wait until later for breakfast or by taking the meal to his room on a tray.

An agreement on which television programs will be watched needs to be reached, because tastes are certain to differ. All the problems of raising children should be strictly off limits to older people. Some older people try to dominate and influence a home, because they are accustomed to power, and this must not be allowed to happen or else the home will deteriorate.

Younger people must be prepared to accept with good grace the disadvantages that adhere to old people. Some have distressing habits, such as coughing, wandering around the house at dawn, leaving their teeth in conspicuous places. Others have no use for the benefits of an easy silence, but want to chatter continuously.

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Sone of these habits can be changed. In addition older people should not be harassed by the constant need to be grateful to the young; gratitude is an odious burden.

Establish some workable arrangement, keeping in mind that it can never be perfect. Old people can be assigned certain chores that will be their special responsibility and remove them from the younger person's direction. The younger woman usually prefers to run her kitchen alone and this should be made clear at the

If their health permits, older people can find some part-time activity, such as a charitable organization or advising a young business, and keep in touch with contemporaries socially. The most difficult situation is the one where the older person isn't well enough to leave the home but is well enough not to be bed-

Still to Come IN THIS ISSUE

Chatelaine BONUS FICTION three stories beginning on page 69

CLUB NEWS

Chatelaine Institute HELPS YOU CLEAN HOUSE

YOUNG PARENTS by Dr. Robertson

ridden. The family never functions by

In all cases where a home is being shared with aging parents, the younger couple must have a vacation separately. The wife especially needs relief from the mental strain and physical fatigue of such an arrangement. This is vital to renew her endurance.

Understand this: Old people, most of them, are full of complaints. This is as natural a part of their psychology as arguments are to children. It's a form of attention-getting and should be treated mellowly. The older person can remember when he was healthy, sturdy, busy and needed; his present existence cannot possibly look as good.

Younger people must reassure their elders that they are still needed, as indeed they are. Old people give their grandchil-



"Have you ever realised how little a vacation in Britain can cost?"

ask these holiday-makers from Ontario, pictured here in the Mourne Mountains country of Northern Ireland.

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dren the sense of constancy of family and race that makes the ground firm under their feet. An old woman with her grandchild is beautiful to see. I remember my mother with my three-year-old niece at her knee. They were content to sit like that without words; the old woman moved slowly and the little girl couldn't express herself very well, but they had a communion. I know of a grandfather in another neighborhood who teaches the children in his area to recognize and value birds. No one else

has the time and the patience, but he has both.

There is a saying that the good die young. It means that the good are always young in spirit, no matter when they die. Old people must have this young spirit, the kind of outlook that delights in the new day and its gifts—friends, laughter, flowers, a yellow leaf, fresh snowfall. The struggle and confusion of being young are over and the moments of great gaiety and triumph are gone too. Memories are left and wisdom that only comes

with many defeats and victories.

Old age is a time to be gentle and serene. Such composure can only come from a deep faith that steadies courage. Old people need to believe in immortality, and why not? Leave warmth with the little people, and kindness; leave understanding and humor; leave assurance that growing old is a happy experience, not a bitterness. Leave a sense of peace and radiance.

You will live forever, for you will never be forgotten.

HOW TO SAVE WITH "PLANNED-OVER" MEALS

Continued from page 26

Your week's shopping list

Meats
51/2-pound boneless beef brisket \$3.85
2 pounds beef liver
6-pound boiling fowl 3.30
1 pound wieners
3-pound cottage roll 1.95
2 pounds haddock fillets
1 pound rindless side bacon90
12.10
Groceries
1 20-ounce can apple juice18
1 10-ounce can mushroom pieces37
1 can mushroom soup
1 20-nunce can choice tomatoes 20

2 20-ounce cans choice tomato

12-ounce can cut asparagus . . .

1 7½-ounce can tomato sauce 1 15-ounce can sweetened red pitted

 1 package pie-crust mix
 33

 1 package noodles
 13

 14 pound shelled almonds
 23

 15 pint sour cream
 22

 1 head celery
 15

 1 pound onions
 .07

 1 green pepper
 .10

 3 lemons
 .15

 1 small cabbage
 .30

 1 small unsliced loaf bread
 .16

How to store your planned overs

Consider the capacity and efficiency of your refrigerator before bargain hunting. If it has a large freezer section buy a two-weeks' supply or more of your favorite meat bargain and freeze half for the following week. Of course you have no storage problem with a home freezer. Here are a few things to remember when storing foods for weekly use:

1. Fresh and smoked meat (in a piece). Remove wrapping of brown paper or cellophane and cover loosely with wax paper. Leave ends open and store in the coldest part of the refrigerator such as the meat compartment or drip tray. Use fresh meat within three days.

2. Ground meat and variety meats (such as liver, kidney, etc.). Unwrap and store as for whole cuts but use within thirty-six hours. Wrap individual servings and freeze if it cannot be used in this time.

3. Frozen meat. If loosely wrapped in brown paper only, rewrap in moisture-vapor-proof material and place in

after thawing and do not refreeze.

4. Cooked meats. Store in a tightly covered dish or wrap in foil to exclude air. Place in coldest part of refrigerator. Slice or chop just before using.

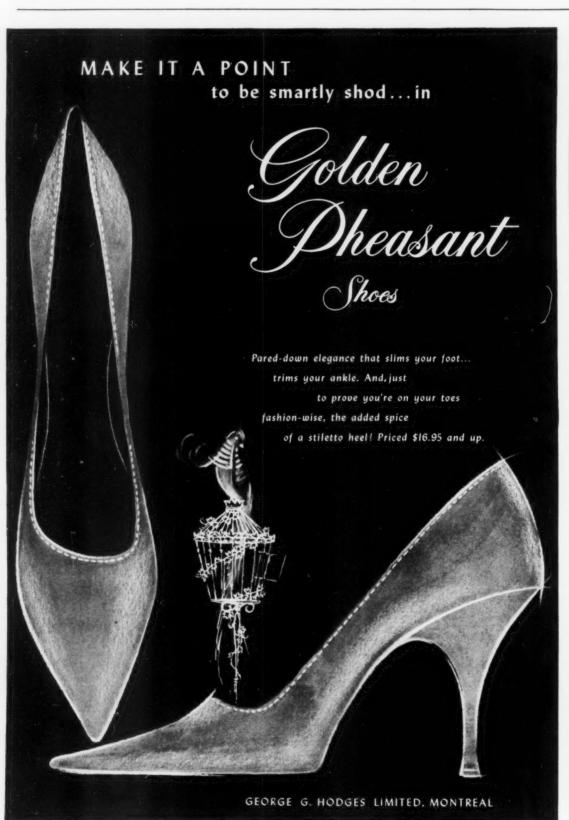
freezer. To defrost, thaw slowly in re-

frigerator before cooking. Use promptly

5. Poultry. Drawn whole birds keep better than cut-up poultry. Store as for fresh meat pieces. Use within three days. Use cut-up poultry within two days.

6. Fresh fish. Store in a tightly covered dish or wrap in foil. Store in coldest part of refrigerator. Use within twenty-four hours or wrap and freeze

7. Fresh fruits. Sort berries and grapes before storing. Discard spoiled ones. Reserve soft berries for pies or sauce



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CHATELAINE - MARCH 1957

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Whole firm berries should not be washed until ready to use. Wash and dry all other fruits (except bananas) and store in the refrigerator. Lemons and oranges that have had the skins grated should be wrapped in cellophane or plastic wrap before storing.

8. Fresh vegetables. Wash lettuce and celery in cold water but leave moisture on the leaves. Discard wilted parts and store in plastic bags or crisper section of the refrigerator. Do not cut out core of lettuce head or separate celery stalks unless they are to be used within twenty; four hours. Lettuce and celery will remain crisp and free from rust longer if leaves and stalks are removed as needed. Coarse celery stalks and the best celery leaves should be removed and saved separately for soups and sauces. Freshen lettuce and celery with cold water every other day.

Ready-prepared salad greens in packages should be used quickly. If half the package only is used store remainder in an airtight container.

Carrots, onions, beets and parsnips may be stored in a refrigerator. Place them in an airtight plastic or cellophane bag on a refrigerator shelf. Never place them next to moist greens in the crisper as they require dry cold air. When recipe calls for a small amount of chopped onion, dice or slice it from the top of the bulb, not the root end. Remaining onion piece will stay fresh longer. Wrap it before storing.

CURRIED BEEF BRISKET

3 pounds boneless beet brisket ¼ pound rindless side bacon Curried Bread Stuffing 3 tablespoons flour I teaspoon dry mustard ½ teaspoon salt

dripping
2½ cups apple juice
or vegetable water
½ sliced medium
onion
1 stalk celery,
sliced
½ teaspoon salt
1 bay leaf

6 peppercorns

Place the brisket fat side down on a pas try board. Trim and discard excess fat. Gash the meat to within 1/2 inch of the fat side. Cuts should be about 1 inch apart and running horizontally with the grain. Snip bacon slices lengthwise and insert I strip in every other gash. Press Curried Bread Stuffing into the alternate gashes and place any remaining stuffing across one end. Roll up the meat tightly starting with the stuffed edge. Tie the roll securely with cord and dredge on all sides with a mixture of the flour, mustard and salt. Brown the meat in hot dripping until all sides are well colored. Add remaining ingredients and cover closely. Simmer slowly for 2 to 21/2 hours adding additional liquid or water halfway through the cooking, if necessary. Remove meat to a warm place and thicken gravy. Discard bay leaf and peppercorns and add salt and pepper to taste. Serve in slices with the gravy, ovenbrowned potatoes and a second vegetable. Serves 6 to 8 generously.

Note: Rolled beef brisket may be used in this recipe. Cut the cords and unroll the meat. Proceed as above. To reduce cooking time to 1½ hours, sprinkle meat tenderizer over the gashed meat before stuffing, then set the roll in the refrigerator for several hours or overnight before cooking.

Curried Beef Brisket is delicious cold.

Prepare a 6-pound piece of brisket by the above method and serve the second day sliced with mustard-pickle relish and escalloped potatoes.

CURRIED BREAD STUFFING

2 cups stale soft bread crumbs 1 tablespoon chopped onion 1 tablespoon chopped celery l teaspoon curry powder ¼ teaspoon sage 2 tablespoons French dressing ¼ teaspoon salt Mix ingredients together lightly with a fork.

LIVER SAUTE WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Sauce; I 10-ounce can mushroom pieces I tablespoon chopped onion 2 tablespoons margarine

1 tablespoon flour

1/2 can mushroom soup 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard on Pinch cayenne pepper Mext: I pound sliced beef liver

Lemon juice Dry bread or cracker crumbs % cup bacon drippings % teaspoon salt Worcestershire

Drain mushrooms and reserve the juice. Melt margarine in a saucepan on low heat. Add the mushrooms and onion. Sauté lightly until onion is yellow. Stir in the flour and mushroom juice. Cook until thickened. Add soup and mustard. Thin with a tablespoon of cream or



It's fun to cook with Shiny pans



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evaporated milk if mixture is too thick. Keep hot until liver is ready to serve. Wipe liver and remove skin and membrane. Dip in lemon juice, then coat with dry bread crumbs. Fry liver on both sides in bacon dripping until cooked but not dry (about 11/2 minutes). Sprinkle with salt and Worcestershire sauce. Serve with Mushroom Sauce.

Note: If you plan on serving Liver Loaf for Tuesday's dinner cook the 2 pounds of beef liver and reserve half. Wrap the cooked liver and store in refrigera tor. Grind it just before making the loaf.

BAKED CHICKEN WITH HERBS

6-pound eviscerated boiling fowl, cut in 112 teaspoons sa 1/4 teaspoon each of sweet basil, marserving pieces 3 to 4 cups warm ioram, rosemary and savory I sliced celery stalk 2 tablespoons I slice onion chopped onion I bay leaf Juice of 1 lemon I cup chicken stock

for red cooking

1/3 cup margarine

or dripping

Remove excess fat from chicken pieces Place in a large saucepan with the back, neck and giblets. Add water, celery, onion and bay leaf. Cover and simme slowly for I hour. Lift out the best serv ing pieces and cool them slightly. Cut out some of the bones and return them to the stock. Dredge each chicken piece in flour. Melt margarine in a frying pan and sauté chicken until lightly browned on both sides. Place chicken pieces in a bake pan skin side down. Sprinkle with salt, herbs, chopped onion and lemon juice. Loosen the drippings in the frying pan with the chicken stock and pour over the chicken pieces. Cover the bake pan and place in a preheated oven of 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Turn chicken and continue baking uncovered for 30 minutes longer or until tender. Make gravy of pan juices to serve over baked

Note: Continue simmering chicken bones, neck and giblets after chicken pieces are removed. When liquid is reduced to half, strain and save. Remove any bits of chicken from the neck, wings and back bones for Chicken Almond Casserole.

BARBECUED WIENERS WITH CARAWAY CABBAGE

I cup canned l teaspoon chili tomatoes, chopped powder 12 teaspoon dry 1/4 cup chopped mustard on 14 cup water I teaspoon prepared 2 tablespoons lem juice or vinegar I teaspoon sugar 1 tablespoon 14 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves I teaspoon salt in half

Place all ingredients in a Cover and simmer slowly for 10 minutes Uncover and continue cooking for 5 minutes or until sauce has thickened slightly. Serve over Caraway Cabbage. Yields 5 servings.

CARAWAY CABBAGE

2 tablespoons butter or margarine shredded cabbage 1 cup water I teaspoon caraway 1/2 teaspoon salt 3/4 cup sour cream Bring water and salt to the boil. Add cabbage and cover the saucepan. Simmer slowly for 10 to 12 minutes. Drain off

the water and add the butter, cream, caraway seeds, and salt. Reheat for 5

minutes and serve.

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"The Work of Mercy Never Ends"

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FROSTED MEAT BASKET

11/2 pounds oneless beef brisket 2 tablespoons flour 2 tablespoons dripping 1 cup chopped 1/2 cup chopped green pepper I teaspoon salt 1/2 clove garlic, minced (optional) 1/4 teaspoon each of I cup well flavored leftover gravy or I cube bouillon dissolved in I cup hot water

I cup water 2 cups tomato juice or vegetable stock I cup leftover cooked vegetables or cooked rice (optional) I small stale unsliced loaf white bread I egg, slightly 3/4 cup milk teaspoon Worcestershire

21/2 cups well

potatoes

Corn flakes Cut the beef into 1/2-inch cubes and dredge with the flour. Brown meat well in hot dripping. Stir several times until all sides are colored. Add the onion, green pepper, salt, herbs, gravy, water and tomato juice. Cover and simmer slowly for 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender, adding additional water, if necessary. Thicken the mixture and season to taste. Stir in leftover vegetables or rice. Set aside 1 cup for Beef Hot Pot Soup. Prepare a bread basket with the bread loaf. Remove 1 inch of the top by slicing lengthwise. Make cuts almost to the bottom of the loaf about 14 inch in from all edges. Gently lift out the centre using two forks, if necessary. (Save centre of the loaf and the top for the crumbs in Liver Loaf recipe and stuffing for Fish in a Blanket.) Place the bread shell on a greased cookie sheet. Combine the egg, milk and Worcestershire sauce Coat the inside of the shell with this mixture using all of it. Bake in a preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 10 minutes. Remove shell and fill with the meat mixture. Frost the sides and top edge with seasoned mashed potatoes. Sprinkle with corn flakes. Return to the oven for 25 to 30 minutes or until loaf is lightly browned and thoroughly heated. in 11/2-inch-thick slices on a heated platter. Serves 5 to 6.

LIVER LOAF WITH QUICK CREOLE SAUCE

112 cups soft I pound liver. cooked bread crumbs I cup minced I cup milk wieners, leftover 11/2 teaspoons salt I tablespoon pre I small onion. chopped pared mustard 2 eggs, slightly 1 tablespoon sweet pickle relish heaten 1/4 teaspoon savory

Put liver and wieners through a food chopper using the fine blade. Add remaining ingredients and pack the mixture into a greased 7- x 4-inch loaf pan. Bake in a preheated oven of 350 deg. F for 40 to 45 minutes. Yields 5 servings.

QUICK CREOLE SAUCE

171/2-ounce can 2 cup chopped

1, cup chopped 2 drops Tabasco 1/2 cup water

cup chopped green peppe

Place all ingredients in a saucepan. Simmer slowly for 10 to 15 minutes. Seaon to taste and thicken slightly.

Continued on next page



"Pizza Pie for supper!" Here's a deliciously different and economical dish . . . a tasty adaptation of a popular old-world recipe that takes practically no time to make. It's a basic recipe, so have fun ...let your imagination take it from there! All it takes is you and your Magic!

DOWDER



Roll up edge of dough to form a rim deep enough to contain filling.



Make it mild or zesty by varying its herbs, cheeses and other ingredients

MAGIC PIZZA PIE

% cup finely-chapped onion Old cheddar or process cheese slices 4 wieners, sliced diagonally Shredded old cheddar or Parmesan cheese 4 or 5 stuffed olives, sliced 3 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 2% cups once-sifted all-purpose flour 6 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder 1 teaspoon salt 6 tablespoons cooking (salad) oil % cup milk 2 tablespoons chopped parsley I can (8 ounces) tomato sauce ½ teaspoon orégano

Prepare the onion, sufficient old cheddar or process cheese slices to cover the pizza, wieners, shree old cheddar or Parmesan cheese, and the olives.

old cheddar or Parmesan cheese, and the ofives.

Sitt flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the flour mixture and add cooking oil, milk and parsley; mix these liquids a little with mixing fork, then combine with flour mixture to form soft dough. Knead lightly for 10 seconds on waxed paper; pat into a ball and cover with another sheet of waxed paper. Roll out dough to an 11-inch circle; remove top sheet of paper. Turn over dough onto greased cookie sheet and peel off paper; turn up edge all around to form a deep rim. Spread dough with ½ the tomato sauce. Sprinkle sauce with orégano and onion; cover with sliced cheese. Arrange wieners over the cheese slices and cheese. Arrange wieners over the cheese slices and spread with remaining tomato sauce. Sprinkle shredded cheese over mixture and top with thin slices of stuffed olives. Bake in a hot oven, 450°, about 20 minutes. Serve hot. Yield — 6 to 8 servings.



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that means so much . . . choose Dorothy Gray Make-up. Canada's Loveliest Women Do! Continued from previous page

BEEF HOT POT SOUP

1 20-ounce can I cup meat mixture reserved from frosted meat basket 1/2 cup sliced celery 1/2 cup chopped 1/2 cup shredded carrot or turnip I bay leaf 1/2 teaspoon salt

1's teaspoon pepper

3/4 cup leftover gravy diluted with 11/2 cups water Dilute 2 bouillon cubes in 21/4 cups water 14 teaspoon rosemary 15 teaspoon sugar 3 tablespoons barley or rice or broken

Place all ingredients in a saucepan except barley. Cover and simmer slowly for 1 hour. Add the barley and continue to cook for 35 to 40 minutes. Discard bay leaf. Thin if desired. Serves 5.

CHICKEN ALMOND CASSEROLE

3 tablespoons fat 1 cup canned or dripping tomatoes on V3 cup chopped I cup chicken 1/4 cup chopped 15 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon dry green pepper mustard 1½ cups diced cooked chicken % cup chopped 2 tablespoons 1/2 cup toasted almonds (optional) flour 2 chicken bouillon 21/2 to 3 cups cubes dissolved in cooked noodles 112 cups hot water bread crumbs 112 cups chicken

Melt fat in a frying pan. Add onion, green pepper and celery. Sauté until vegetables are lightly colored. Stir in the flour. Add the tomatoes, chicken bouillon, salt and mustard and cook until mixture thickens. Alternate layers of diced chicken, almonds, sauce and noodles in a greased 2-quart casserole, ending with noodles. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a 350-deg.-F. oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Makes 6 servings

HONEY GLAZED COTTAGE ROLL WITH SPICED CHERRY SAUCE

3-pound cottage roll 1/a cup honey or corn syrup 1/4 cup dry bread

1/4 teaspoon ground 12 teaspoon grated orange rind

I cup canned fruit juice or ginger ale

Place roll in a large saucepan and cover with cold water (approximately 3 pints). Bring to a boil and simmer slowly for 11/2 to 2 hours. Cool slightly. Remove cords and place roll in a shallow bake pan, fat surface up. Score the fat surface and spread with a mixture of honey bread crumbs, cloves and orange rind. Pour in the fruit juice and set pan in a preheated oven of 375 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Baste with the juice.

SPICED CHERRY SAUCE

1 15-ounce can sweetened, pitted, red cherries Red vegetable

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By LYNN HOWARD

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1 teaspoon each cinnamon, ginger, allspice 2 teaspoons corn

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white for the playroom: in your own bright color scheme for that awkward little window on the stair, or in the bathroom.

Felt curtains need not be full. In width allow only about half as much again as the width of the window. Use chalk and a teacup to trace evenly spaced half circles at top edges, allowing one inch between each. Cut around chalk lines. Sew ring in centre of each inch strip. For decorations, clip simple shapes from a child's picture books or magazines, use them as patterns. Felt curtains, of course, require no lining. •

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Pour the canned cherries and juice into a saucepan. Add a few drops of red vegetable coloring. Simmer for I min-Add remaining ingredients and cook till thickened. Serve over sliced roll.

BAKED FISH IN A BLANKET

2 pounds thin I tablespoon lemon haddock fillets on I thick fillet 2 tables (approximately 2 melted butter pounds), either 2 tablespoons fresh or frozen French dressing ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind 112 cups soft bread 1/4 teaspoon savory 2 tablespoons 1/3 teaspoon salt chopped onion I recipe plain I cup mixed cooked pastry using 3 cups vegetables on flour OR diced cucumber 1 package pie 14 cup chopped crust mix green pepper

Defrost fish if frozen. Wipe fillets with a damp cloth. One thick 2-pound fillet may be split lengthwise to make 2 pieces Sprinkle with lemon juice. Make a moist stuffing by combining the bread crumbs and vegetables with the lemon juice, butter. French dressing, lemon rind, savory and salt. Roll pastry out into a rectangle large enough to completely enclose the fillets. If fish is 9 by 4 inches, roll pastry out to 11 by 12 inches. Set 1 fillet on one half the dough. Spread it evenly with the stuffing.

Cover with the second fillet and press together lightly. Dampen the edges of the dough. Fold the second half of dough over the stuffed fish, envelope fashion. Seal edges and prick top with a fork Place on a greased cookie sheet or shallow bake pan and bake in preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking for 25 to 35 minutes. Cut in 2inch pieces to serve and accompany with your favorite fish sauce or Asparagus Egg Sauce. Yields 5 to 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS EGG SAUCE

1 12-ounce can 'a teaspoon salt asparagus cuttings 1's teaspoon pepper 2 tablespoons butter I teaspoon lemon or margarine 2 hard-cooked 2 tablespoons flour 114 cups milk eggs, diced

Drain the asparagus and reserve the juice. Melt the butter in a saucepan on low heat. Stir in the flour and add the milk slowly. Stir until mixture is thick and smooth. Add the asparagus juice, salt, pepper and lemon juice. Fold in the hard-cooked eggs and asparagus. Keep hot until serving time. •

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Club News

FROM COAST TO COAST

CONDUCTED BY PAT PARKINSON

Psychology in grease paint. What would you do if your fourteen-year-old daughter insisted on going to forbidden dance halls? Problems such as these have been aired on stage through the work of TORONTO'S ZONTA CLUB in conjunction with the Canadian Mental Health Association. The Zonta Club was the first women's group to finance these professional one-act plays before church. Home-and-School groups, etc., throughout Ontario. Actors and actresses re-enact common family situations before a public audience and afterward a member of the Canadian Mental Health Association is present to lead an open discussion.

Gift certificates for children. Canada's JUNIOR RED CROSS has been busy these days. They have already provided fifteen thousand dollars to clothe seven hundred and fifty of their young Hungarian friends in refugee camps in Austria — each child was given a gift certificate of twenty dollars and had the fun of picking out what he needed from Austrian shops. Meanwhile young Canada is busy packing health kits with soap, toothbrushes, towels and surprises.



First aid for aged. "We have my father-inlaw living with us. He's quite a dear but gets underfoot all day. Can't you find him a part-time job?" The WINNIPEG JUNIOR LEAGUE is trying to solve such problems with the thirty thousand dollars pledged to-

ward the new Age and Opportunity Bureau for three years. Leaguers, along with a salaried professional staff, provide free advisory service for older people on problems of housing and health. As for the old gentleman above—the age centre discovered a club for retired railwaymen which he happily joined.

Club news from here and there . . . HOMEMAKERS CLUB OF WELWYN, SASK., took over an abandoned shack, raised funds to restore it and now provide their town, free of charge, with clubrooms for public meetings — but all donations gratefully received! They show it can be done along with the WOMEN'S INSTITUTE OF BELLA COOLA, B.C., who have undertaken a similar project.

Toronto women promote opera. When the curtain falls on Tosca at the Royal Alexandra Theatre the second week in March, it will mark the end of the eleventh year of opera enjoyed by the citizens of Toronto — and eleven hard years of work by the OPERA FESTIVAL WOMEN'S COMMITTEE. Grow-



ing from the Royal Conservatory's Opera School, the present festival, all professionals, is financed by a citizens' committee of guarantors and donors. The Women's Committee, numbering 352, sells more than fifty percent of the 25,000 tickets for the Festival, sells the ads in the program, puts out **a** little booklet, Opera, and holds musicales to raise money for six music scholarships. Students are admitted to the festival's dress rehearsal for a special fifty-cent price. But that's not all — these women know their opera through lectures held during the ticket-selling campaign at the homes of team captains.

IF YOUR ORGANIZATION is planning a new project or has discovered a new way to make an old project more successful, Chatelaine will be happy to tell our readers about it. Write to Pat Parkinson, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

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WHY DON'T THEY LIKE US IN NEWFOUNDLAND?

Continued from page 17

colony and the cornerstone of the Empire." Its capital is two hundred and fifty years older than Halifax. It is unreasonable, Newfoundlanders maintain, to expect a place with a four-hundred-and-fifty-year-old past to be impressed with being the youngest Canadian province.

To indicate how rheumy-eyed is Newfoundland's view of its present status, a conversation, which the whole island claims to have overheard in mid-April 1949, is regularly reported to mainland visitors. The first batch of mainland salesmen, fog-sodden and discouraged by their initial frontal attack on the island market, was huddled in the Newfoundland Hotel elevator. One of the salesmen moaned. "Why don't they give this place back to the Indians?" he inquired of his colleagues. To which the elevator opera-

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tor replied gloomily: "We did, a month ago,"

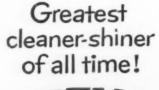
The story is told genially. But the visitor who is encouraged by this geniality to turn the talk around to the benefits of Confederation will promptly find herself in a conversation that is anything but cordial. Last winter, a remark in the Monetary Times, which related Premier Smallwood's election triumph to federal government largesse ("those cheques from Ottawa are not to be brushed off") set teacups rattling angrily across the island. "This offensive statement," a coltimnist in the Daily News described as all too typical of the smug, stupid and immature attitude of too many Canadians toward this province." "Without New foundland," the columnist concluded, Canada could not have become a real



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nation." A flood of letters agreed with

To suggest to any Newfoundlander that Canada was complete before 1949 is like telling a Texan that the lone star wouldn't be missed from Old Glory. Each would consider a look at the man sufficient evidence to end that argument. By air and sea, Newfoundlanders point out their island commands the eastern approaches to Canada. Besides the gift to anada of dominion over its own front door, there's the matter of the large dowry Newfoundland dumped in the laps of mainland manufacturers. "We get less variety at higher prices," is a regular complaint from housewives who, before 1949, were used to low-priced china and woolens directly from England and household appliances fresh from U.S. factories. "We've got nothing to sell to Canada," their husbands join in. "But we've got to buy from you. After the States and Britain, we're your best customer. Don't tell

Chatelaine Needlecraft

In St. John's and Corner Brook, the suburbs are uniformly flat and pastel; nothing distinguishes them from the new housing developments in Saskatoon or Oakville. With a population smaller than Saskatoon's, the capital supports a repertory theatre company imported from London. Both Grand Falls and Corner Brook have lively amateur theatre groups. Full-dress receptions usually follow performances in the Community Concert series. In the outports, reading material is not supplied exclusively by Eaton'sthe library at St. John's, plus regional libraries in the larger centres, serve the surrounding communities.

But there are deep-rooted differences between Newfoundland and the other provinces, even its close maritime neighbors. The facts of geography and history make for the most dramatic differences Traditionally, the island has looked eastward, rather than to the west, for economic as well as sentimental reasons

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And don't ever tell Newfoundlanders that codfish is the only connotation their province has in the rest of Canada. Newfoundlanders are tired of being associated with fog. flakes, landing stages and quaintness. In fact, forests account for more of the island's income than do fish. Going around Conception Bay, I saw fewer boats than are tied up in Toronto harbor on any sunny summer day. Although there are still many remote outports that conform to the conventional harsh picture. I was hard put to find one on the Avalon Peninsula. There, the cliffs were properly laced with flakes and stages. But the houses which clung to the rocks were as brightly painted as those in any city suburb. I watched television in one of them. And the only time I heard The Squid-Jigging Ground was on a record by Alan Mills.

Newfoundland must still sell abroad Newfoundlanders of well-to-do families continue to go to school in England and have no trouble keeping their publicschool accents and manners upon return Their parents are more likely to holiday in London (Gander is a thousand air miles beyond Montreal on the way England) or in Boston or New York (an airline ticket to New York costs no more than to Montreal-about a hundred and fifty dollars) than on the Canadian

Many Newfoundlanders have reasonother than shopping and entertainment for visiting the United States. Since January 29, 1941, when the first U.S. personnel arrived to man the four military bases leased by Winston Churchill for ninety nine years to the U.S., an average of two hundred Newfoundland girls a year have married into U.S. citizenship. With approximately twenty thousand U.S.



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CHATELAINE - MARCH 1957

naval and air corps personnel and families steadily inhabiting the Harmon, Goose Bay, Pepperrell and Argentia bases, U.S. influence on the island is certainly not slight. Every outport girl aspires to a job "on the base" in the way Iowa girls dream about New York or Canadian career women gravitate to To-ronto. "The Water Street merchants would slit their wrists if the Americans left," a St. John's citizen candidly admitted to me. Unofficially—but factually the U.S. bases are described as "Newfoundland's fourth largest industry They're the employers of most of the fishermen who are no longer fishing. And they're "the best neighbors we've ever had," to the people of St. John's who share their city with them and sometimes speculate still about the advantages to union with the U.S. instead of Canada.

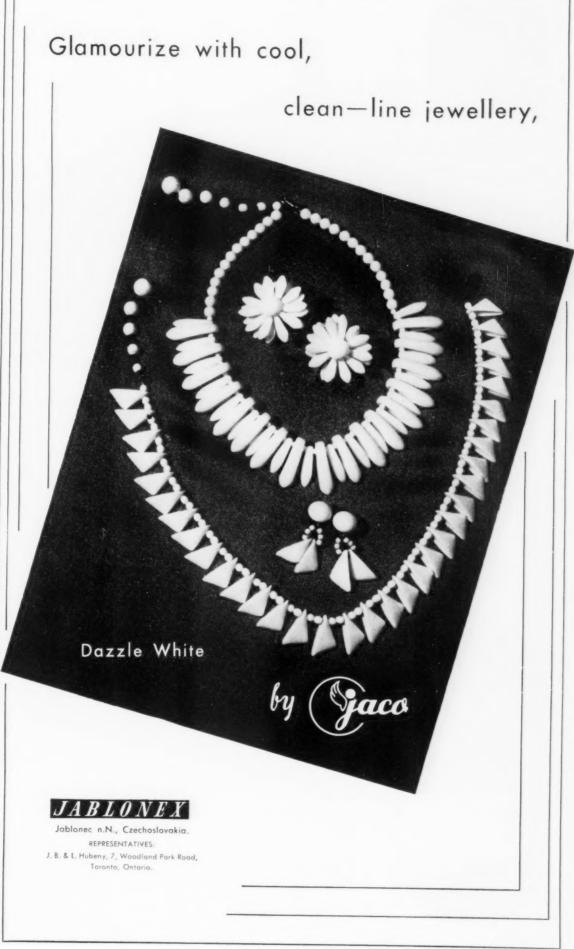
If Newfoundland had become the fortyninth state instead of the tenth province, the people would still have remained determinedly Newfoundlanders. They don't influence easily. In sixteen years, "the friendly invasion" by the United States has only superficially changed the even tenor of the island's ways. The capital's bus system, its citizens genially confide, is one of the worst in the world. Then there are the "two miracles" involved in the completion of local telephone calls: after the discovery of the correct number in a directory that treats the alphabet whimsically, there's the awesome experience of picking the precise moment when the erratic telephone system is in order. But the biggest obstacle to haste in Newfoundland is the cordiality of the people themselves. The leisurely lunch, teatime in the relaxed English style, appointments to be fulfilled and by": these take their toll of firsttime business visitors to the island.

In Newfoundland even business acquaintances are entertained at home rather than in clubs or restaurants. The wives maintain a high standard of hospitality. They'd be embarrassed to serve a smaller assortment than half a dozen kinds of small cakes (home baked) for tea.

Newfoundland women have the help of fewer household appliances than are owned by wives in other provinces. Only every fifth household on the island has refrigeration; in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland's maritime neighbor, about three in five households have this convenience. Similarly the percentage of houses with electric stoves (thirteen in every hundred) and vacuum cleaners (twelve) is lower than in Nova Scotia (eighteen and thirtyeight percent respectively) and much lower than in Ontario where most housewives regard them as necessities.

On the island, they practice the idea that women's place is in the home. Church groups, fraternal organizations







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and chapters of the IODE are kept small enough to be accommodated at meetings (with refreshments) in private houses. If the houses are postwar models, the furnishings are likely to lean toward blond wood, pale broadloom and wall-to-wall drapery. The older houses, which still massively outnumber their ranch-style neighbors, are furnished more in the English than North American style. Cozy with chintzes, open fires and bric-a-brac, they could be transplanted to a Halifax setting but never to Edmonton or Owen Sound.

The women, like their houses, are more comfortable-looking than stylish. With plenty of wet weather and a scarcity of sidewalks outside the downtown areas even of the two cities, the women sensibly favor low-heeled shoes and staunch tweeds for street wear. In the winter a lot of Newfoundland sealskin coats go out in the evening over woolen dresses. Hair styles, too, are planned with weather rather than fashion the foremost consideration. At a national convention, the women of Newfoundland would undoubtedly be most at home among their neighbors from the Maritime Provinces.

Except in company with their husbands, a national convention would be an unlikely place to find a Newfoundland woman. Lacking apprenticeship in local affairs (local government is still far from province-wide), women are largely absent from public life. Outside of the fields of nursing and teaching, professional women are as rare as pink telephones on the island. The three women dentists, one in St. John's and two sisters in Corner Brook, are all immigrants from Latvia. The half dozen well-known St. John's career women, outside of the women's departments of radio stations and newspapers, are all employed by the provincial or federal governments. In Corner Brook and Grand Falls, both mill towns, career women don't stand a chance.

But there's a wide-open field for women's voluntary work in community or provincial welfare. The Newfoundland Outport Nursing and Industrial Association teaches handicrafts to some eight hundred outport women and sells their work not only on the island but on the mainland as well. The Jubilee Guilds, which carry on much the same "earn and learn" program as NONIA's, are affiliated with the Women's Institutes of the mainland. But so far, no strong friendship has developed between the island guilds and the institutes of the other provinces. Distance is one reason. Dissimilarity of programs is another.

Perhaps the hardest-working women's organizations on the island are those affiliated with the churches. They have to be. For the churches are directly connected with the work-and cost-of education. Newfoundland's schools are denominational. The Roman Catholic Church (about thirty-three percent of Newfoundlanders are Roman Catholic), the Church of England, with a slightly smaller membership, the United Church of Canada, the Salvation Army, the Seventh Day Adventist and Pentecostal Churches, all operate schools which, together, make up a single education system which is academically akin to Nova Scotia's and emphatically traditional in its methods. Although education is theoretically free, most schools charge fees. No child can be required to go to a school outside his own denomination. Hence many small communities are burdened with the support of two or more schools. The pro-



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vincial government assumes responsibility for up to fifty percent of the cost of building and maintaining the schools; the parishioners themselves must raise the remainder in all but two districts (Deer Park and Corner Brook) where, despite fierce opposition, school taxes were recently imposed.

The heat which was generated by the school-tax issue in Corner Brook and Deer Park illuminates another point at which many Newfoundlanders distrust main land influence on their affairs. Although they got guarantees with Confederation that their education system wouldn't be disturbed, they couldn't avoid those federal taxes. And Newfoundlanders are congenitally opposed to any taxes they can see. Far from being pleased with

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family allowance and old-age-pension cheques, more than one outport family at first was downright unhappy about those envelopes with the Ottawa postmark. They looked suspiciously like tax notices. As recently as the last provincial election, in the fall of 1956, Premier Smallwood was reassuring his constituents that Ottawa would not take away old-age pensioners' property or require "every boy and girl that got family allowances". . . to pay them back after age sixteen."

To many Newfoundlanders the mainland means little more than taxes and misunderstandings about the nature of the newest province. Psychologically as well as geographically, there's a gulf between the island and the main.

Where are the seventy-eight thousand Newfoundlanders who voted to become part of Canada? Mainlanders begin to wonder, after they've been in Newfound-



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land for a while, whether or not these people actually exist.

They do. But they're largely inaccessible to visitors. They're the citizens of the outports, the thirteen-hundred-odd settlements scattered over six thousand miles of coastline, many of which can only be reached by boat. These people are in favor, not so much of Confederation as of the Father of Confederation, Premier Joseph Smallwood. It was "Joev" who promised pensions and family allowances and unemployment insurance. The same Joey, who regularly comes to visit, not some remote mainland government, naturally gets their gratitude now.

"Her Majesty's Outport Government." as Smallwood's Liberals are called in the capital, continues to hold sway. St. John's nose is still out of joint. With approximately a seventh of the island's population (currently about four hundred thousand), the old city still can't accept the idea that it no longer controls the economic and political destiny of the whole island.

There never has been close communication between the capital and the communities outside-even the two largest centres, Corner Brook, which was recently incorporated a city (20,000) and Grand Falls, which is still a company town. From St. John's, on the eastern tip of the island, to Corner Brook, on the western side, is only about as far as Toronto is from Ottawa. But by car, it's an adventurous journey in summer; impos sible in winter. The narrow-gauge railroad (affectionately known as The Bullet) takes about twenty hours (in fair weather) to make a daily trip between the capital and Corner Brook. The only airport which serves the island's second city is the U.S. base, Harmon, sixty bonecrushing miles away. It's simpler to go to New York or London than travel between the two cities of Newfoundland.

The consequence of this lack of communication, according to the popular Corner Brook columnist, Ed Finn, is that Newfoundlanders have only one "com-mon interest-politics." Let's face it, he cheerfully tells his fellow Newfoundlanders, "we really are a parochial, introverted people." As a St. John's woman pleasantly remarked to me, "When Canada took us, it was like England getting Ireland."

A quarter of Newfoundlanders have brogues as furry as their Irish ancestors'. They also have the Irish affection for "a little joke." If the joke is on the people of the other nine provinces, the rest of the population (predominately of English or Channel Island stock) joins in. "You'll have to admit, you Canadians are a very dull bunch," I was told in St. John's by a CBC employee who was plainly more sad about than censorious of our condi-

During the current year, the depth of the island's anti-Canadianism will be tested. Part of the Confederation bargain was a royal commission, to be set up within eight years to review Newfoundland's state of affairs and recommend what kind of further help, if any, was needed from Ottawa. The island briefmakers are already busy. True Newfoundlanders aren't going to pass up this gilt-edged invitation to rant and roar at the rest of Canada. When they've said their piece, they may have removed one of the causes of their dislike for Canadians - the mainland misapprehension that Newfoundlanders were jolly glad to join the Canadian family. •



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CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helps You Clean House

Blueprint for spring cleaning

As a start, draw up a plan of the rooms to be cleaned and the jobs to be done in each. Then list the cleaning aids you'll need. For instance, painted walls accumulate oily dirt and you'll need a grease solvent solution. Restock your cleaning cupboard with dry and liquid cleansers, polish, wax, furniture or rug shampoos, scrubbing brush, cellulose sponges, rubber gloves and plenty of cloths. When gathering cleaning cloths of discarded fabrics choose waterabsorbent materials such as flannelette and cotton jersey for washing purposes and soft lint-free fabrics such as rayon and silk for polishing.

Check your floor polisher, vacuum cleaner and carpet sweeper to make sure they are in good working order.

Clean one room at a time, starting with rooms that are used less frequently and finishing with the basement. Be systematic. First remove curtains and draperies, blinds, fixtures, pictures and knick-knack shelves. Clean ceiling, walls and windows. Replace blinds and ceiling fixtures, then clean furniture and cupboards. Finish with the baseboard and floor and finally replace furniture, draperies and wall fixtures.

How to clean Venetian blinds

Venetian blinds may be left on the windows for cleaning. Start at the top and wash each slat separately with hot sudsy water. But for a thorough job, remove the blind from the window. Turn the slats up vertically and stretch the blind full length on a flat surface covered with heavy plain paper. Using a strong brush, work from top to bottom scrubbing the tapes well. Rinse with a cellulose sponge wrung out in clear water. Turn the blind over and wash the other side. Rinse both sides again and dry with a soft cloth. Rehang the blind while the tapes are wet to discourage shrinking. An application of self-polishing wax to slats will make dusting easier.

Perk up oil paintings

Old oil paintings should be lightly dusted with a soft brush or cloth. Any other cleaning or brightening should be done by a professional painting restorer.

Care of new asphalt or mastic tile

Allow at least two weeks to elapse before cleaning newly laid asphalt- or mastic-tile floors to permit the adhesive under the tiles to set. Wash with warm sudsy water, wringing mop well so that excessive water won't seep under and loosen tiles. Remove stubborn spots with mild household cleanser or grade 000 fine steel wool. Rinse with clear water. When dry, apply two thin coats of special water-emulsion-type self-polishing wax made for mastic or asphalt floors. Allow wax to dry between coats. Avoid using waxes recommended for wood or linoleum floors as they contain solvents harmful to mastic and asphalt tiles.

Vacuum dust won't scatter

Paste a piece of paper over the small opening of a large paper garment bag returned from the cleaners. Empty your vacuum-cleaner bag into it. If these paper bags are not available, spread several layers of newspaper on the floor and dampen the top layer to prevent dust scattering.

Protect your wood floors

Badly soiled floors should be cleaned with a noninflammable liquid floor cleaner. Remove stubborn spots with a dry soap-treated pad or fine steel wool.

Black marks on floors caused by moving heavy furniture can be prevented. Cut small circles of neutral-colored felt (old hats are wonderful) and place them under chair and table legs.

Look after linoleum

Avoid washing linoleum floors with strong soaps or detergents. Alkaline substances will attack the oil in linoleum and in time it will become dry and crumbly. Use mild soap sparingly with warm water. When dry, apply two thin coats of petroleum-base wax, either liquid or paste. Let wax dry between coats and polish. Note: If liquid wax smells like paste wax, it has a petroleum base, Wipe with a damp mop or buff after daily or weekly traffic.

Prevent table-top scratches

Stick three or four corn plasters on the bottoms of ash trays, vases and bowls to protect lamp and coffee table tops

Paintbrush protection

Immediately after use, soak paint-brush in a commercially prepared cleaning solvent, available at any hardware store. This type of cleaner contains special compounds which soften hard-ened bristles as they clean. Coal oil and turpentine tend to dry out and harden bristles and should be used sparingly. Dry the brush and wrap lightly in foil to prevent loss of moisture from the bristles. Hang it by the handle to keep bristles from becoming bent or broken.

FROM SEA TO SEA No other nation in history has depended for its very too, are essential threads in the fabric of our national

existence on strong lines of communication as has Canada. No nation has been better served by them.

Two railways, an airline, a pipeline, a highway, two telegraph systems and a waterway reaching from the Lakehead to the sea knit Canada together as a single unit. Communications are the basis on which Canadians have built their great commercial and industrial development.

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FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS



How the Small Child Conquers Deafness

Because of new training methods in babyhood, the day of the deaf-and-dumb child has passed

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

MOST deaf youngsters, if they have no other major handicap, can learn to speak intelligibly and can tell what other people are saying by reading their lips. If you think about it, this is almost unbelievable and if you will try some lip reading yourself, it seems absolutely impossible. Nevertheless it is true and these children, if they are given suitable training, become well-adjusted, productive citizens. The day of the deaf-and-dumb child has passed.

Any loud sound will startle a very young baby, as you can tell by his reactions. But within a few months some noises become meaningful to him. For example, at six months or so he will turn toward you when you open his door or when he hears your footsteps approaching. He also babbles and coos at this age. Deaf babies also babble and coo in their first year, but they can't hear themselves and as they grow older, say by eighteen months or two years, they become more silent. What noises they do make are more monotonous and toneless than those of a hearing child.

It is easier to be sure your child does hear than that he doesn't. However, most parents of a deaf baby suspect that he isn't hearing by the time he is a year old or even younger. Sometimes they note that their baby seems more interested in lights than in sounds. Later they probably notice that he is very active, because he tries to keep moving objects in sight. If you doubt whether your baby can hear take him to your physician. If he too thinks your baby is deaf he will have you take him to an ear, nose and

throat specialist, preferably in a city where there is a hearing centre connected with a hospital. are able car tha

also or vib

It is easier to tell if a baby under one year can hear than an older one who has learned to walk and who consequently is chiefly interested in exploring his surroundings. The specialists have developed several ingenious machines for testing the hearing of small children, besides such simple tests as the spoken voice, bells, noise makers, crumpling paper, and so on. One of these machines is a peep show in which the child looks through the door of a doll's house. Inside he sees a colored moving picture perhaps of some colts and then some kittens. Then the picture stops and it is indicated that he is to press the doorbell of the doll's house whenever he hears

The operator then turns on individual sounds which can be varied in pitch and intensity. If the youngster presses the bell when he hears a sound, he sees the picture again. If there is no sound, pressing the button has no result. With this and even more complicated machines the child's hearing can be assessed accurately enough for practical purposes. Sometimes, of course, the child may not be speaking because he is mentally backward or because of some defect in his speech mechanism, rather than because he is deaf.

Hearing specialists know that deaf children learn to speak more naturally if their deafness is discovered early and if their parents give them special care before their babbling stops or becomes different from that of a hear-

g child. Parents are told to show please when the child babbles to encourage im to keep it up. They are also told to alk to him in short phrases as they would to a normal child, only more frequently, and to encourage him to look at their faces as they talk. The same phrases are repeated frequently whenever a suitable occasion arises and the mother takes care to have a good light on her face so that the baby can see her lips plainly. She also holds him while she talks, or sings or hums to him, so that he can feel the vibrations from her voice. In these ways he gradually learns to lip-read one word after another and gets the idea that he would like to communicate in this way with other people himself.

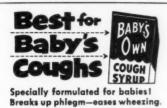
Learning to talk, even for a child with normal hearing, is a slow process and he understands far more words than he can say. It is of course much slower for the deaf child, who has only his eyes, and to some extent his appreciation of vibrations, to help him. Naturally, a deaf baby happier if his mother keeps within sight of him as much as she can, because he can't hear her when she's in the next room. It is best for him to become used to several other people besides his own family too.

When you talk to him, speak in your ordinary voice, although a little more slowly than usual. Don't exaggerate your lip movements or he will learn to speak in the same unnatural way. Speaking loudly doesn't help and is in fact embarrassing to the older child for it makes his handicap, of which he is already acutely aware, more obvious to others. Whenever possible, which is very frequently for an intelligent deaf child, doctors recommend a hearing aid. A youngster a little over a year can wear one in a kind of cotton bonnet with pockets for the earphones. At first he wears it for only a short time, possibly just before bedtime. As he becomes accustomed to it, he wears it more and more of the day and eventually continuously. Nearly all deaf children have a slight amount of hearing left and these aids magnify the sounds enough so that they are aware of them in part at least. You cannot, howeyer, increase the intensity of the sound

BABY'S COLDS

Help Nature To Fight Them Off

erself can do it. So when baby's sniffles, or ulfy breathing warn you of a cold's resence — cooperate at once with Nature. See that baby is kept warm, gets plenty isleep and take extra care that the bowels re thoroughly cleared of harmful wastes. or do this without upsetting baby's whole sestem and further weakening it, try Baby's wn Tablets. Mild, yet act promptly in string rid of irritating materials that make aby restless and feverish. One Nova Scotia Mother says: "My baby 28 months caught a nasty cold so I tried aby's Own Tablets and she three this cold of quicker than ever before. I certainly am Baby's Own Tablets from now on." qually good for restlessness and psevishers resulting from irregularity at teething ther minor infant troubles. Taste good and re easy to take! Get a package today.



above a certain limit without making it uncomfortable or even painful to the child. Moreover, even with a hearing aid the severely deaf child cannot learn to speak intelligibly and easily without some special training. With children who are only partly deaf hearing aids may make such training unnecessary.

These hearing aids are expensive and for some families impossibly so. Deafness is certainly a crippling handicap and funds to provide hearing aids for families who require them but cannot afford them would be a real public service. Could your club or group assist in your community? The National Society for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing, 2 Bloor Street East, Toronto, is doing a lot to help in this respect.

You can see how much effort and patience both parents need to spend on a deaf baby. You can imagine how much harder it is to teach him all the habits a young child has to learn eventually. Parents are warned to use gestures as little as possible since lip reading and eventually speech are so important to him. Sometimes, as with any other handicapped child, the parents are tempted to wait on him too much, which of course eads him to expect such special treatment later from others.

Occasionally the deaf child doesn't get the attention he should have and you can imagine how frustrating and annoying it must be not to be able to make his wants known. Sometimes he develops a violent temper as a result; sometimes he becomes very compliant and aloof. Re-

Your Baby And You ... by Rut Passons

What's the "when and where" of protective pantie wear?

Look Who's Eating Eggs and Bacon!

Here's the very latest news in cientifically-prepared baby foods Heinz Egg & Bacon Breakfast! All the nourishing goodness of this hearty breakfast favourite . . . all the food nutrients essential to a healthy morning start-egg yolks, bacon, corn meal, corn flour, milk, salt and veast-are combined in the mild. smooth-textured way tiny stomachs can digest so easily and Heinz Baby Foods are so famous for. As soon as your future champion is ready for solid food, he's ready to tackle Heinz Strained Egg & Bacon Breakfast. Later he'll want the Junior version. Easy to fix? Just heat and serve!

• If anything rivals Jack Frost in making folks miserable it's winter germs. Colds, flu, grippe . . . they have a heyday hopping from victim to victim in crowded places. It's a wise mother who keeps her baby out of crowds in cold weather



only" . general rule for protective panties in the diaper set. When your little bundle-of-joy is taken out visiting,

or is being "shown off" to admiring relatives, protective panties (bless 'em) can rescue you from embarrassment. But it's a good idea to make sure they are worn for brief periods only. Make sure the legs fit snugly . . otherwise they will betray your



Know the knack of baby feeding . . . or how to win the battleof the spoon! Patience is as important as a bib for this venture.

Remember . . . the jump from sucking to spooning is as big as the jump from forks to chopsticks. So don't hurry the little man. Hold him in a half sitting, half reclining position. Place a small amount of food far back on his tongue. He is accustomed to sucking liquids and is likely to try to suck the unfamiliar solid and may push the food right out of his mouth. Putting the food at the back of his mouth helps him to learn to swallow. Heinz Baby Foods help too, for they have a smooth, smooth texture and a fine quality that helps them slip down easily What's more, your little fellow will like the taste of Heinz Baby Foods . they're as delicious as they are nutritious. They'll bring him back for more!

• For a beautiful Mother-and-Baby picture, in full colour, ready to frame and hang in your nursery, write today to: hang in your nursery, write today to: Department M-1, Heinz Baby Foods, Leamington, Ontario. Send no money! Your picture is a gift from Heinz.

Does chewing on toys mean teeth are on the way? Eventually . But even before your baby's first tooth appears he will like to chew on something to harden up his gums. He will probably pop his toys into his mouth and gnaw on his crib frame at five months of age. This is where it seems sensible to see that his toys have no detachable parts that might be swallowed . . . that his nursery furniture is painted with a non-poisonous paint. In fact, now that his mouth seems to have become a happy home for everything he owns you might introduce him to Heinz Teething Biscuits. Made from pure wheat, and corn flour with added powdered milk, these unsweetened teething biscuits offer a smooth hard surface that is a delight for baby to

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Castoria soothes your child's upset stomach, too.
Remember, never give your child a strong, adult laxative—that may make your child feel worse, and even prove habit-forming. Give GENTLE CASTORIA, that's clinically-tested for children. They like the GOOD TASTE. Get a bottle of Castoria today—it costs so little to have this reliable help on hand. Large bottle only 45 ¢—family economy size 75 ¢.

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member, too, that his needs as a growing child should be met as well as his needs as a deaf child. He needs to associate with hearing children his own age but they should be taught to treat him with respect as they would any other child. After all he is going to spend most of his life with people who can hear and he should get used to them early.

Because nursery schools for deaf children are so few, the John Tracy Clinic, 806 West Adams Boulevard, Los Angeles 7, Calif., an excellent institution, will supply free of charge to any parent of a deaf, preschool child a correspondence course on their care and guidance. The material is sent out once a month and the mother is expected to write the clinic at least as often, telling them of her problems and her successes. Each letter is given thorough study by experts and encouraging and sound advice is sent back to the mother promptly. This service has been a tremendous help to hundreds of mothers.

The clinic also has produced very helpful books on suitable play material; how to encourage lip reading without coercion, which defeats your purpose; how to help your child to use his lips appropriately and so on. They also provide excellent training for nursery-school teachers in deaf schools and have a nursery school which the mother and deaf child attend together. In Canada at most of the hearing centres connected with the larger children's hospitals, workers are available to help and advise mothers.

Far better than signs

Most authorities believe that the severely or totally deaf child does best if he can attend a special school for deaf children for some years at least from the age of three on. If he can live at home and go to such a school, that is excellent, but there are few available in Canada. The residential schools for the deaf here are usually so crowded that children cannot be admitted until they are six or seven years old.

The reason why children so young are taken into these schools is that even at nursery-school age, they make better progress if they are supervised and taught by workers specially trained in this field. As well as insufficient schools, there are not enough trained teachers. Needless to say they not only have to have a fund of special knowledge but also a tremendous amount of patience and interest in their work. Many of these schools are also equipped and staffed to give vocational training. Sometimes after some years at a special school, the youngster can be transferred to a regular school. A careful record of his progress should be kept. though, to see that he is able to keep up with his classmates and is happy, as it is much more of a strain to learn by lip reading than by ear.

When you think how fundamental speech and hearing are in our everyday living and in our thoughts and ideas, you realize what a terrific handicap deaf children start with. You can imagine then, what it means to a deaf child to learn to speak intelligibly, to understand what others say (no doubt with gaps here and there) and to learn to read. It opens the whole world to him and is incomparably better than the old-fashioned sign language.

The author is much indebted to the staff of the Hearing Clinic, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, for advice in preparing this article.

You can prevent Diaper Rash

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DOCTORS KNOW Diaper Rash (ammonia dermatitis) is caused by ammonia, formed by bacteria in urine-soaked diapers. This ammonia BURNS into baby's tender skin. You can prevent diaper rash with Diaparene Rinse.

Simply dip the diapers (after every wash) into Diaparene Rinse solution. This impregnates the diapers with a safe, effective antiseptic. Ammonia now CANNOT form despite repeated wettings. . . and baby is protected day and night. If baby already has Diaper Rash, Diaparene Ointment, Powder or Lotion will clear it up. Diaparene is available at all drug stores.

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JOYCE HAHN'S TRAILER TREK TO THE STARS

Continued from page 19

one of them remarked, "is when she's

Even there she occasionally seems an incongruously tiny figure, an imperturbable cynosure with a thirty-piece orchestra and a six-voice chorus lending un-seen embellishment to her songs. Her audience, estimated by the CBC at a million and a half, sometimes have difficulty reconciling the roles they see her in with the knowledge that she is a fullgrown woman of twenty-six, the mother of a six-year-old girl.

Once, for a song called Memories Arc Made Of This, she played a four-yearold child dressed in rompers, struggling to climb from the floor to a chair. An other time she rode an elephant around the set. This was in the dress rehearsal but when a group of dancers began rushing past, the elephant became restive.

This fellow weighs four thousand pounds," its trainer told Joyce. "I think you're overmatched." So on the actual program she stood a safe distance while the camera panned from elephant to her.

She was overmatched, all right. She wears a size-seven dress, and she can do a lot of her shopping in the children's department. There, size-one shoes fit her, and jeans for a boy eight years old can accommodate her if the legs are shortened. She makes a lot of her own clothes, but her favorite costume is jeans, a sweater and flat canvas shoes.

She lives in Montreal now and flies to Toronto each week for Hit Parade. She gets a child's delight out of the airplanes and out of the people who recognize her from having seen her on television. At such times, the prairies seem a long way off.

Joyce was born at the peak of the Depression in a village west of Saskatoon called Eatonia where her father had a homestead. Her early years were spent on a second homestead two hundred miles north of North Battleford where her father, broke, moved his family in 1933 to make a fresh start. In the bleak north of Saskatchewan, it was not uncommon for temperatures to drop to sixty degrees below zero and more

She was raised in a trailer when her dad decided in 1936 to barnstorm the prairies with his musical family, driving an old home-constructed truck from town to town. The family sang and danced in the streets and in halls for the coins people tossed at their feet. The trailer housed a fantastic menage consisting of Mrs. Hahn and her four children, seven squirrels (a mother and six babies), two skunks (a mother and a baby), two dogs and a cat. "We'd stop and I'd cook din-ner," recalls Mrs. Hahn, "When it was ready. I'd honk the horn of the truck three times and everything would come arunnin'-squirrels, skunks, dogs, the cat and four kids!"

Joyce has never been inside a schoolroom. What education she got was acquired fitfully from Saskatchewan gov ernment correspondence courses. "I re-member once we were traveling through Montana. I think it was, and I surprised the whole family," Joyce relates. "I saw a sign on a store and I began to read it. 'Hey, look,' I said, 'Beer, Wine and Luggage.' The whole family burst



Why your child needs your help when pimples strike

by MARCELLA HOLMES NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

Is there a way you can help your child? Yes, thanks to CLEARASIL, a mod-

ern, scientific medicated formulation especially for pimples. In actual clinical tests, Clearash brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

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out laughing, and my two older brothers shouted, 'She can read!' She can read!' I guess I was nine or ten."

Until recent years she was self-conscious of the fact she'd had no formal schooling. She says it doesn't bother her now, although recently she purchased a book called Thirty Days to a Better Vocabulary.

"I've picked up all sorts of new words," she remarked at a recent rehearsal. "Words like vicarious, gregarious, effete, aesthetic and ascetic-that means self-denying. One thing my little girl Beverlee is going to have is an education. And kids to play with, now that we've got a home. When I was a kid I never had a girl friend.

One time, the family stopped in a town, and after performing for coins Joyce met a boy who said he had a Shetland pony. He told her he'd give her a ride and went home to get the pony.

"But we had to move on before he got back," she remembers sadly. "I cried myself to sleep in the trailer." She can't remember having had a doll. Instead she'd cut paper ones from old newspapers.

She and her husband, a musician named Art Maiste (when she was nineteen she married Irving Vengroff but they were soon divorced), recently bought a four-bedroom home in Cartierville, a Montreal suburb, where they live with Joyce's daughter, her brother, seventeen-vear-old Don. Joyce's parents, and a mild little dachshund, Hildegarde.

Despite her diminutive size, Joyce loves to eat and can cook a little, but her mother does the family cooking. On free evenings the Maistes enjoy watching television, especially Perry Como. Sinatra is another favorite singer, whose records have taught Joyce a lot about phrasing. Most of her friends are not in show business. Show people she finds hard to get to know, Joyce admits, because they're generally preoccupied with their careers while she is not.

It's at home in the evenings that Harvey Hahn, her vigorous, sixty-eight-yearold father, will recount the shredding depression days that helped mold Joyce into an indestructible performer. He is earthy and blunt, chews tobacco constantly and shaves the grey stubble off his chin only when it threatens to become a beard.

He went west from Heidelburg, Ont. in 1910 and settled at Kindersley, a divisional point west of Saskatoon on the CNR. There he began contracting, building houses and farmhouses. As a youngster he'd learned to play a fiddle and in later years he taught music to his family. He played at dances at Kindersley where he met a girl named Mary Falz and in 1916, when she was sixteen, he married her. They left Kindersley to homestead near the little village of Eatonia. Five children were born, Lloyd, Bob, Marie, Kay and Joyce.

Harvey went into the repair business everything from shoes to plows." When Joyce was born in 1930 times were so tough that farmers had no money to pay for repairs. The Hahns went on relief, living on \$13.50 a month.

"Anything was better than that," Har-vey reflects. "I decided to move north."

They went two hundred miles north of North Battleford where Harvey and the boys built a log house in the bush. Harvey planted oats and sugar beets, and the sugar beets attracted deer and moose, and they'd shoot them and bury them



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in the snow. Mrs. Hahn put dawn preserves, including cranberries, fish and fish eggs. They'd roast the deer, slice it and eat it with the cranberries. They lived on that all one winter.

"It makes you sick until you get used to it," reflects Mrs. Hahn, a reserved solemn woman of fifty-six, "but eventually we all got used to it."

They stayed in the bush for three years and then decided to head for Detroit, where Mrs. Hahn had a sister. Harvey and the boys built the truck and trailer. When they reached North Battleford they saw signs announcing a show in the Legion Hall that evening. Harvey asked the organizers if they could use a little added entertainment. They could. On impulse, Harvey named his family the Harmony Kids. After they'd played and sung a few numbers the master of ceremonies made an announcement: "Folks, these kids haven't had their supper yet. Let's pass around a hat."

Thus the Hahns were launched, and they missed few towns on the prairies over the next few years. In 1939 Harvey even went to the CBC in Toronto to sell his act. "Nobody would even give us an audition," he says.

Touring western Ontario late in 1939, they picked up a broadcast one night from New York of We the People. The master of ceremonies, Gabriel Heatter, said, "And now we present the most traveled trailer family in North America." "That's us," shouted Harvey.

"It doesn't sound like us," said nineyear-old Joyce, as Heatter began interviewing a family.

"I'm gonna write him," said Harvey indignantly. "He's got impostors."

He wrote to Heatter and eventually received an offer of \$475 to make the trip to New York. The family appeared on the program, along with Joe Louis and Pat O'Brien.

"The next day," Harvey recalls, "I decided to take a gamble. I decided we were gonna stay in New York."

Eventually the Harmony Kids auditioned at a night club in Union City, N.J., and were hired. They stayed there a year and things were moving steadily ahead until the U.S. entered the war in 1941. Harvey was unable to get a renewal of the visa which enabled them to work in the U.S. so they went to Montreal to work on it. The boys decided instead to enlist in the RCAF.

Joyce and her sister Kay began singing at service camps and canteens, and got a few club dates. In 1948 Kay married, and Joyce's brother Bob suggested that Joyce join a group he'd caught on with in Montreal, the Peter Barry Quartet. Here she was heard by radio singer Fred Hill. Hill asked her to join him on his program, and one of these broadcasts, heard in Toronto by TV head Bob McGall, led her to television.

In 1955 McGall, the CBC's director of programs, lay in bed nursing a virus infection and musing about a girl singer he needed for Cross-Canada Hit Parade, about to be launched on TV. The show's producers. Peter MacFarlane and Stan Harris, couldn't find one to satisfy them. So McGall started thinking about voices in Vancouver, and worked east. When he got to Montreal, he stopped; there was something hauntingly pleasant about a voice he'd heard from there. Joyce . . . Joyce Hahn!

She flew to Toronto for her audition, got the job and was an immediate hit with TV audiences. She was not always

a direct hit with producers, however.

"You can't get to know this girl," says Peter MacFarlane. "She is star material, has great potential, but you can't get through her façade. She should worry more about herself, not be content that whatever we do with her on the show is right for her. I wish she'd shout or stamp her foot."

Joyce can't agree. "Why should I shout or stamp my foot?" she asks. "I love this show. Look what it's done for me. Art and I even bought ourselves

a new car. It's got real-leather seats!"

She has no ambitions to move to the lucrative field of American television. "They might have a thousand Joyce Hahns down there," she says. "There's only one here."

She has a couple of records going the rounds in the U.S. now but is not greatly excited about them, although she worked hard to launch them. She and her brother Bob visited fifty-nine disc jockeys in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Chicago in

ten feverish days recently. She made the records at the request of Archie Bleyer, the former musical director of the Arthur Godfrey organization who now owns Cadence Records Inc.

"He's awfully nice," she says of Bleyer while she knits methodically. "It'd be nice if the records go."

And then she looks up from her knitting and her eyes are wide. "Have you ever been out when it's sixty-seven below?" she asks quietly. "Have you ever sung for your supper?"



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BY LUCILLE OLIVER

CHATELAINE BONUS FICTION

Every marriage guards its secrets from outsiders . . . in Karen's case, even the secret that it is a marriage without love

AREN BUTLER stood on the top step into the hallway, overlook-ing the sunken living room. She was a beautiful woman. Her creamy smooth skin was taut across a brief nose, over high cheekbones, under broad dark eyes. Her red-brown hair was pulled up and back severely. Her simple linen, her own design, was one of those dresses that made people say of her, "She un-

derplays so perfectly."

One of the older guests, a friend of

her parents, caught her arm in passing. "It's a perfect housewarming, darling. I think you've done wonders with the place. Has your mother seen it yet?"

"Thank you," she said, and "no!"
Steve was standing by the fireplace, drink in hand. The jacket she'd ordered for him made him look as though he'd always stood by such fireplaces. He was charming two women and a man. She wondered if they knew her husband was practicing on them. It took practicefor the courts now, the constituents some-day. Oh, he could be very charming. If I close my teeth tightly, she thought,

I will not scream.

Almost as though she were thinking, I must send the lavender spreads out to be cleaned, she made a mental note, I must get the name of Ethel Riach's psychiatrist. It can't go on like this.

She was extremely efficient. Everyone said she would have made a wonderful businesswoman. Continued on next page



This was her husband walking



past her up the stairs,

ignoring

her bitter words.

"He loves me,"

she shouted.

"don't you care

about that?"

She made her way down through the crowded living room, a smile that was almost a grimace covering her clenched teeth.

"Perfect party, darling," they would

say at her elbow.
"You're so sweet to say so," she wouldn't hear herself reply.

"Karen," Bud Davis called her into corner, "we need your help." He turned to his wife, a newcomer to the North Shore. "Karen knows more about manufacturing than any man."

The point they were arguing was so elemental she stared at Bud. He would inherit a fair-sized plant someday. That's what she had never liked about the men in her crowd. They were so easy-going. They couldn't be bothered struggling, and of course they didn't have to. They could fall back on a grandfather's winnings, or

Steve was different, "Steve is tough," she used to tell her father. "Steve's a man. He'll make his own way."

"I'm amazed at you," Bud's wife was saying to her, fawning just a little. "You know everything!" She drawled the words. She had had a cocktail too many.

"I was may father's boy," Karen said. It was a phrase that came automatically. "He taught me everything. Really wanted me to take over the whole business someday."

"I'm glad you didn't, dear," Helen Burns said. "I like you better this way. We'd miss our perfect couple."

She felt the scream rise in her throat again and she closed her teeth against it. She mumbled something about Ellen and backed into the dining room.

Not that Ellen needed checking. Her service was perfect now after two months

with Karen. Mother had let her slip terribly.

The table looked, after four hours of party, fresh as new. They were very reliable caterers. She chatted with some one on her way into the sunroom.

I don't know what I said to them, she realized. I could have said awful things. I've got to be careful.

There was a crowd around the bar they'd set up in the sunroom, "the music room" Steve liked to call it because the piano was there. She had hoped to put the bar in the garden but the spring rains had made the prospect too unpredictable.

The supporch adjoined the fireplace end of the living room. She had not consciously come here, but she had known that she would.

Steve was the magnet, she the steel shaving. She brushed his coat as she approached and he instinctively pulled his arm away. She moved closer. She was only a bare inch shorter than he.

Steve does not like to be touched, she thought. If I screamed it quite loudly the whole room would know.

But, of course, she did not scream it She was one of her generation, who did not consider it old-fashioned to be well bred. She hated bad manners like she hated ugly, cluttered things.

"Hi!" he said and he turned his smile

You have such a lovely smile, she thought. Practice in front of a mirror, no doubt. But she said, "How are you?" and her own smile was stiff.

"We were arguing the guaranteed wage," he said. "I say that it's a fine Utopian dream that could be a success in a society without competition. Right now we are almost that, but it can't hot. Take England as a case in point Like so many self-made men, he had little pity for the people he'd left behind.

She watched his mouth move without listening to the words. When she married him, she thought she loved him. She laughed at that now. She hadn't known then what love is. She adored him now.

She looked at Maddie Blaine, hanging on his every word, right in front of Herb. Many women were attracted to him. She looked at Herb Blaine, wondering if he were jealous. Probably not. He and Maddie had the easy-going, understanding, unemotional type of relationship so many of their crowd substituted for love. Raised together, they'd reached the age to marry at the same time. And they had settled for a comfortable match It was the sort of thing she had tried to avoid. She had avoided it-at a price.

Herb and Maddie were arguing now. Maddie had, no doubt, defended a point of Steve's. Steve interfered to change the subject. He only liked an argument when he was in it.

"Get you a drink, dear?" Had he not been looking at Karen, he might have been saying it to any woman in the room.

"No, no thanks."

"You look thirsty to me," he said and excused himself to break away from their circle.

"How do you find that kind?" Maddie said to her. "Catch my husband being that sweet to me." She gave Herb a comradely nudge.

I wonder if she'll ever wake up one day and know she does not love him, Karen thought. Wake up, as she had suddenly awakened, with the knowledge that Steve did not love her, had never loved her.

Of course, there had been signs. They had not gone to a secluded spot on their honeymoon. They'd gone where he could meet people, friends of her father's. The flowers that came for occasions had cards rarely signed in his hand.

Herb was saying, "for one perfect couple." 'There's only room in every crowd,"

She felt the scream rising in her again and she excused herself. There was no point in waiting, really. He wouldn't be back. Getting her a drink had been his excuse to move on. From the sunroom she saw him talking to two older couples in the dining room

THE WALKED out onto the patio. A few couples were sitting, talking.
She stopped and said something to them, even as she thought, I don't know what I'm saying. I must be very careful to correct this. I do not know the words

She left them and walked under the rose arbor. This was his spot, his part of things. Even in what they were already calling "the little house" the garden had been his domain. Gardening was one thing she knew nothing of. There had always been a gardener before; now they were not so easily come by.

How often she had watched him from behind a curtain or a drapery, gently cutting a rose, shielding the cutting from the sun with his body, holding it with tenderness in his hands. How often she had wondered at that tenderness.

She had thought, if we had children, perhaps then . . . She had tried. Twice. Even then she had not been like other women. She had not nagged and cried

and complained about the heaviness and discomfort of carrying, or the pain of childbirth. Even when both babies had died, almost at birth, she alone had known her grief. She had buried it deep within her. To him she had simply said, "Next time."

Someone else had come into the garden. She didn't want to, couldn't, talk now. Behind a grape arbor, grown high on a wall-like trellis, was a tiny sand plot that had been her play yard as a child. She slipped behind the trellis.

The seat of the swing was broken. The board to the slide had long since been taken away. She sat cautiously on one end of the jumping board. It alone had survived the years. She thrust her slim legs out before her. She lived on steaks and salads whenever he was gone, to keep them slim, for him.

She was trembling, although the night was warm. It was the frustration, of course. She could analyse it, be objective. It didn't help. For four years she'd lived with this man. For four years she'd loved him. And for three years she'd known that she was only a steppingstone for him.

Not that he'd married her for her oney. It wouldn't be fair to Steve to say he'd done that. He could make his own money. That part was simple. He'd married her, she knew, for the things not so easily come by. For the entree into North Shore society, for the influential acquaintances, for the social training.

Far from resenting this, she'd given him all she could, and more. She taught him, without seeming to, the differences in forks and clubs, the way to please without fawning, the people to with She had indeed been her father's boy and she taught him the leisure activities he had never had the time nor the money to learn. She taught him to hunt and fish. She spent hours teaching him to cast and she said nothing when he told others how he had taught her. She had tried to give him children and she would try again.

She had never nagged, never cried, and even when her heart was twisted to breaking, never complained. She had taught him by example that to be well bred is to be well controlled. And now she was losing that control!

She looked at the back of the handsome, stone house. She had thought that getting him this might make the difference. She had hoped that with the gift of this house on the North Shore he'd look at her, just once, a little differently than he looked at everyone, anyone.

She'd done everything but pack her parents' bags and made them retire to their country place just so he could have it-this big, unnecessary setting for his splendor

Her damp hand slid across the old board on which she sat and was pierced a splinter. She didn't notice.

His work, the law, his garden—those were the things he loved.

There was a rustle in the grape trellis and a man came into the play yard. The moon was at his back, putting his face in the shadow.
"Hi," he said. "I had to see if this

were still here." It was Harry Tracy who had lived

next door and played with her as a child.

"Still here," she said. It was a comfort of sorts to speak.

He sat down gingerly beside her on

the jumping board. "Think it'll still been deaf. He did not turn at all. hold us both?

"It hasn't changed," she said.

"But we have.

'Yes," she said. "We have." She was surprised how comforting it was to have him beside her. With Steve she too often felt like a big, cumbersome, many-legged foal. It was almost a surprise to remember that some men-no, many men-had loved her. It had broken her mother's heart when she had turned Harry down.

You've sure done a nice job inside. The place looks terrific.'

Harry would say so. She wondered if Steve liked the decorating. He hadn't said anything. But then he'd been so busy

And suddenly she couldn't stand the thought of Steve. The nerves in her body were bursting through her skin Four years of Steve was warping and twisting through her.

"Let's get out of here," she said. "Let's just get out of here.'

Harry put the top down and they drove far up the shore. They said little It was enough to let the wind loosen her taut, tired brain and unfasten her stretched, tensed nerves. Then Harry stopped the car near a bluff overlooking the water. Far out the moon made a pearly iridescence on the water. She vanted to touch it.

"I won't say much," Harry said. He had always been able to read her mind. "But I'm still waiting. I've never stopped loving you, Karey.'

After a while he started the car, and, in silence, they drove back.

He let her out at the door and the peace he had brought went with him as he drove away.

Everyone was gone when she went in. She had been gone, she suddenly realized, close to three hours. Steve was picking up a few stray glasses and putting them on a tray. He looked at her. standing in the hallway. His voice was

quiet, but cold with reproach.
"Without the benefit of your sterling upbringing," he said, "I think I've gathered someplace that it's rude to walk out on your own party."

"I was out with a man," she said, "a

man who loves me.

She watched his face for a change, a twitch of a muscle, anything. It couldn't have changed less if she had said it was a pleasant evening. "It was extremely poor judgment, to say the least," he said emptying an ash tray onto the tray. "I think you know that."

"We lay on the beach for two and a half hours," she lied.

'Some of our friends wondered what had become of you," he said and started toward the kitchen with the tray.

"Put that tray DOWN," she almost shouted. She rubbed her damp hands against the back of her thighs. She had very nearly lost control. She must not lose control. "Ellen will clean up in the morning," she said more evenly. good to see that he had set the tray down, that he was coming toward her.

"He told me that he loved me," she said tauntingly. She wanted him to hit her, to call her a slut, to notice her. She watched him walk toward her.

"He's loved me for a long time," she said. Steve was almost at her side and she saw that he was looking straight ahead. He was walking past her. He was going up the stairs to bed.

"He's a boy from my own crowd," she said after him, to hurt. He might have

'Don't you care?" she said. Her voice had gone weak with despair.

He turned and looked at her at last. "I don't think you're about to sully the escutcheon," he said. "I made an early golf date with Pete Garner and his father. I'll sleep in the guest room so l won't disturb you getting up." And he went on up the steps.

"I kissed him," she lied weakly.
"Goodnight," he said and he turned

at the landing and was gone.

She followed him to the foot of the stairs as though this could call him back. Once she almost cried out but she stop ped it with her hand. She lay across the stairs and waves of sickening, silent sobs passed through her.

THE didn't know how long she lay there when the thought swept her, like panic. She had to get away now-from the house, from him. To do something, anything to dull the pain And then she remembered the lake and the peace of the moonlight on the water.

Her old swimming suit, the one she'd been sunning in one warm day last week. was hanging on a nail over the basement stairs. She dropped her clothes as they came off and put on the suit and a pair of Ellen's work slippers, too wide, but

She let herself out the back door, quietly like a thief, and because the moon brightened the night, she crept along the shrubbery to the road. Then she ran, losing one of the slippers as went across the wide street. ran between two of the lakeside mansions and she fell going down the steep embankment to the sand.

The lake was still and dark except where the moonlight glinted. She waded out in the shallow water until it was up to her shoulders. It was frigid. It wouldn't warm up until August, but once you were in, it felt warm, like a cloak, and the air outside felt cold.

And suddenly it all seemed very clear She had only to swim out, to touch the spot where the moonlight lay on the water to gain peace. She dived under and leisurely swam underwater until, with thrust, she pulled herself to the surface for air. She shrugged her strong shoulders and began the regular, even, rhythmic pull of swimming.

Twice she thought she was coming nea the spot with the moonlight on it, and twice it eluded her. She pulled forward each time with a new strength. Her arms rose, fell, rose, fell. As the time passed went a little more slowly, a fraction less high.

She passed the second sandbar but did not stop to rest. All that mattered was to swim to the moonlight. It wasn't far now She was fifty yards beyond the bar when she felt her body sinking. It didn't matter. She would be there soon. She raised her arm and painfully, but obediently, it continued. But her legs had ceased to function. They were dropping, gradually.

She did not hear him coming. He had always said he was the better swimmer. You had to be, he would say, to swim off the rocks at Jackson Park instead of learning in a country-club pool. He faster, swifter. He came up behind her and grabbed her by one arm.

That was like him, she thought, to try to stop her. He would stop her if he could, even now, from finding peace. She struggled and struck him and tried to push away. But he held her fast, the fin-

gers of one hand twined through her hair. She tried to duck away and in her fury she pulled her head under and breathed a great gasp of water through her nose. The pain of it, burning its way to her lungs. brought her to the surface with a cry. He tried to pull her again but she clutched is arm and dug deeply into the flesh, The hand that held her hair pulled her high out of the water and his fist came up ddenly, sharp and straight. She did not feel the blow so much as she felt herself sliding softly into oblivion.

She wakened to the moon overhead. His hand was cupped under her jaw and he was towing her to the shore. She felt a sad, bitter pain for the moonlight she had almost touched, and then reality returned.

"You can walk," he said when they got to the shallow part, but she sank to the sand. He bent and lifted her and carried her to the beach.

The pain in her nose and her throat ngs was bursting for relief. She gagged and he laid her across his knees and raised them. The water was coming but it had started a reaction. There was nothing, she thought, more hideous, more degrading, than vomiting. She choked to hold it back but he hit her hard on the and she couldn't stop.

"It's all right," he was saying, "It's all

Her body started trembling with cold and she covered her face with her hands and tried to stop the shaking because she knew what would happen if once she lost control. And it happened. The force of three years was lost in gasping sobs, and the little pin point of consciousness that had not lost control was horrified at the sieht.

He sat rocking her, waiting, but there as no use waiting. She could not stop. She saw his face clearly once and it frightened her. It was not cold and it was not assured. It was questioning, wondering.

At last he set her carefully in the sand and went over to where some low-hanging bushes made shadows. He took off his shorts and put on his slacks and shoes He wrung out the shorts and stuffed them, with his socks, into his pocket. Then he picked her up again.

The road was almost deserted and he got across unseen. He too clung to the shrubbery. No reason to give the neighbors talk. The front light was still on he went around to the back door. He carried her up the back stairs and into their room.

He laid her, wet and still dripping, on the bed. Normally, she would have jump ed up. Normally, she would have objected to soaking the bedspread. But now she only lay there, letting the partially subsided sobs shiver through her. She watched as he went into the bathroom and brought out a towel and dried her legs and arms and hair. She watched as he went to her dresser and looked for some nightclothes. He tried the wrong drawer twice but she said nothing to help him. At last he brought out a pair of white cotton pyjamas. She watched with the dis interest of a third party as he unzippered her suit, dried her, and put her into the pyjamas. Then he stood at the head of the bed, looked at her still with that strange, puzzled expression. Finally he leaned down and kined ber on the brow. gently.

The unfamiliar kiss made her cry again. He knelt down and put an arm under her shoulders At last he said. "Shall I call the doctor? You could use a sedative."

She shook her head weakly, no.

"A shot, maybe?

She nodded. He went out and was back in a few seconds with a bottle. He got the glass from the bathroom and poured a stiff shot. She downed it in one gulp.

It felt hot and for a second she was afraid she would be sick again. But it stayed down while the convulsions in her stomach slowed and she relaxed, just a little at first, then more completely.

He was squatting on his heels by the side of the bed, bending over her slightly. For a second she saw him shielding the rose cutting from the sun. He laid a hand against her cheek but he said nothing. She closed her eyes and after a while he stood up and went into the bathroom.

When he had his pyjamas on he can out. He shut off the light and went around to the far side of the bed and got in.

"You have a golf date," she said in a voice she did not recognize as her own. It was petulant and spoiled, the voice of a whining child.

"I'll call Pete," he said, settling himself facing her.

She did not put her arm out to reach him as she often did. She did not try to bring him near her. She turned toward im, rolled in a ball and a long, hiccuplike trailer of a sob shuddered through her. He put his arm around her.

"You didn't ask me to play," she said in that same, strange, cracked voice. "You never ask me to play."

"I didn't think you liked my game," he said. It was true. He played a strong game but a sloppy one. It had always annoved her.

"You never teach me anything," she said. She had a strong suspicion she should be disgusted with herself, with this childish cant, but she ignored the suspicion.

What can I teach you?" There was no bitterness but wonder in it.

"I asked you to teach me to plant some zinnias," she lied. It was the only thing she could think of. "You never taught me to plant anything at all.

The words were silly but they made sense. They said, "I need you. I need you very much.

Tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow we'll plant zinnias.

WAS hard for him to speak the words behind the promise. "You were always so strong, so sure of yourself," he said. "You never needed help. I trusted you and respected you because you never failed." She stopped crying as he continued, awkwardly

But then you failed, and I didn't understand. When you said you were unfaithful, I was bewildered. But when I heard the back door close and I thought you were going to meet him on the beach, I wanted to kill him."

She lay peacefully, her head against his chest, for a long while. Then she pulled her head back so she could see his face. She was afraid at what she was going to do. It had never been any part of their relationship, the words most couples said so easily. She was so afraid she could hardly hear her voice.

"I love you," she said.

It would have been too much to have expected him to say it back easily, just as though he had always felt it, just as though he'd always known it. He drew her to him. One hand trailed down her spine and the other brought her forehead to his lips and he formed the words against her forehead. "I love you," he said without any voice.

love me, love me,

Living with her parents was like the song, only backward. It seemed as though they could give her everything but love

SHE DID NOT see why everything had to be so sad. She kept on having the nightmares. When she screamed because of them no one heard her; her parents would be out, and she stopped screaming immediately so that she wouldn't awake Mrs. Pratt. She never woke up Beany either. None of this was his fault. He was just a poor dopey little guy.

Everyone kept saying that the reason she was a little upset — of course not seriously upset but only a little upset—was that a new baby had come along the year before she started junior high. She was just thirteen, too, they told her, and sometimes when you started growing up you worried over things. None of their reasons explained the trouble. The trouble had been coming on for a long time.

It had really started with the big house and Daddy getting the better job and Mother having to entertain so much. Everyone always seemed to be going someplace or coming back from somewhere, or there were guests. There was often a special kind of guest called a customer.

She felt as though she hardly lived in the house. She rushed too, as much as anyone; they took her places and they gave her lessons. They took her to dancing school and to her golf and music lessons.

"What are you trying to do—make

me a sosh?" she would ask.
"I don't know where you get those weird words," her mother said.

weird words," her mother said.

Actually, her mother thought that the expressions she used were funny. Some-

expressions she used were funny. Sometimes she even heard her mother repeating them to friends, talking in the rather high-pitched voice she always used at parties. "A sosh is either a social butterfly or possibly a social climber. Actually a sosh is—well, a sosh!"

Her mother took her to the hairdresser's, and to get clothes, and to church. She was also taking her to a doctor. She had not been able to tell him very much. It was hard to explain, about the nightmare. When she went to sleep she knew it would come. If she had one good thing to remember before she went to bed, one wonderful thing, she might be able to escape. But she did not have that one thing.

"Darling, you're very precious to us," her mother kept telling her, and her father, when he was at home, would say the same thing. Apparently the doctor had advised them to give her more love. She had never in her life heard of such mush. They were dosing love out to her, like cod-liver oil.

By Elizabeth Allen Illustrated by Jack Bush



"The reason your daddy works so hard is so that you can have these nice things," her mother would explain. "We didn't have such nice things, I can tell you. Times were hard, when we were young. One year I didn't even have a coat; I wore a man's jacket, patched, and a slicker over it, I was so ashamed." Her mother did get her very nice things. Skirts, blouses, bracelets with bangles, perfume even—everything.

It was terrible to have each day be Her father was sad. He always sad. looked tired, he was nearly always wor ried over something, and if his boss wanted him to he had to get ready in a hurry and go someplace in a plane, go fishing, and he hated to fish. Her vas sad. She had to do many nother w things she had never done before. She had to be on committees, and rush off to luncheons, and hurry to be on time for her hair appointment, and, finally, to entertain. And of course her mother had to take care of Beany or see that Mrs. Pratt took care of him, and also to see that Mrs. Pratt and Luella, in the kitchen, got along all right.

Her mother was taking bridge lessons and she was going to learn to play golf, too, later on, and she was busy with something which had to do with concerts, because it was an honor to be asked, although she did not really like music.

She had tried to help her mother out, but there was nothing that she could do. She could not help in the kitchen, because it bothered Luella. She would have liked to help with Beany, but her mother begged her not to interfere. Mrs. Pratt had her own ideas about Beany.

Once when she knew that her parents were having a party she had tried to make place cards. It turned out that it was a cocktail party, and her mother had laughed — she probably couldn't help laughing.

"Don't bother about everything so!"
This was something her mother had told her again and again. "We want you to have fun. Have fun and learn things—now's the time for it! Why, at your age, I had to pack six lunches in the morning before I could go to school, with only the cat rubbing my legs to keep me warm, and my brothers playing cops and robbers all over the kitchen. Things weren't easy, when I was your age."

"Talk to me," she would say. "Tell me about it."

Her mother would smile, but she could not talk to her. The phone would ring, or there would be company, or she had to meet her father someplace downtown.

It was all so queer. It was dopey and sad. She had suggested to her mother that she ride the bus to school, because she knew her mother hated driving in the car pool when she was so busy, but that had only made her mother mad. They had gotten the station wagon, she said, so that they could take her places;

she didn't have to ride that terrible bus. Nearly everyone they knew had a station wagon and was in a car pool. "You should be glad I bother," her mother said. "It makes me late for my lesson but that's all right. Darling," she said, "what have you done to your hair?"

She was always doing something to her hair. She cut off a piece, or dyed one strand. She didn't know why she did these things.

"It's considered real stud," she would tell her.

"Darling!" her mother would groan.
"That word!"

Sometimes she would be sure that her mother was going to sit down and talk to her, but then her mother was always due at a Style Show, or the maid would be banging things in the kitchen, or the decorator would come in with the samples.

She felt sorry for her mother. Her mother was even busier than her father. She was sorry for both of them, but sorriest of all for herself; she did not feel as though she lived in the house. She was not sure who she was. She did not believe that her parents could really care much about her; the way they talked, the presents they gave her, were just a cod-liver-oil kind of love.

They did not even hear her when she screamed. They were out, or down-stairs with a customer.

"Did you ever think that possibly your mother has a rather busy time of it?" the doctor asked her once.

She knew her mother was busy. It was sad, about her mother. There was only one thing in their new life which was very nice for her mother—her clothes. She had a lot of new dresses and shoes, and purses which cost more than her coats used to cost, and fancy hats. Her mother could not get over these new clothes. Sometimes she kept an outfit spread out on her bed all day, just to admire it.

It was this which gave her the idea. She decided to make her mother a dress, in Homemaking. Her mother really did enjoy clothes, and she needed a lot of them because of the entertaining. After serious thought she selected a silvery-grey fabric, because of her mother's red hair and blue eyes. She found the right pattern, sleek, slim, very plain. The Homemaking teacher, who was no brain but fairly stud, had tried to steer her onto something else. "Dear, this is going to be a difficult garment. I really feel you should try a skirt for yourself..."

But she had been stubborn. She wanted to make her mother a beautiful dress.

T HAD been hard. The pattern was not as easy as it looked. She had a bad time with the zipper and had to rip it out twice and tore the fabric, which had to be patched with tape. But she could just see that color on her mother. It would be stud.

She knew her mother's size exactly—she had dieted until she was a size twelve—and luckily the Homemaking teacher was the same size, so that she could fit the dress on her. The belt came out even better than she had hoped. She worked hard on the hem to make it neat and not show. She could see, she could absolutely see, her mother walking around the living room wearing the beautiful silver dress and smiling at her guests.

Until she finished the last stitch and got it home she really believed this dream. Her mother was driving that day and was very upset. They were having guests that night, and she had been running late all day. "And that darned cleaner's got my black sheath, and my lace is too loose now," she said furiously jerking at the car. "There's my new dress, but I've worn it with this group. And the outfit I ordered from Mme. Roberte's didn't come. For heaven's sake, what have you done to your hair?"

Everyone had been putting ink on their hair lately.

"It's considered really stud," she said. She went into the house with the dress and looked at it and knew that the idea of making something her mother could wear had been the dopiest idea of all, worse than trying to help with Beany, worse than the time she had tried to make place cards for the cocktail party. She would never even show the dress to her mother. It had a patch on it and it was homemade. Her mother could order clothes from Mme. Roberte's.

Restlessly, she wandered about the house. Beany was whining in his room. He had started trying to dress himself but Mrs. Pratt would not let him; she did not have the time to sit back and wait until he searched with his hand for a sleeve. Even Mrs. Pratt was in a hurry. She felt sorry for Beany, the poor little dope.

She went into her room and wept. There was the dress she had made; she threw it down on the floor. She did not think that she would ever stop crying. Once, grabbing for something to wipe her eyes, she picked up the dress and scrubbed her face with it; oh, great, now look what she had done. Not that it mattered. She wept. It began to get dark, the worst time of all.

Her mother finally heard her and came into her room, "Baby," she said, "don't cry. I can't bear it. Tell me what's wrong!"

There was nothing to say. Even if she had felt like talking, her mother would not have had the time to listen. Guests were arriving; she could hear the cars. Her father was already downstairs, his big booming voice cheerful and loud.

"Why, darling," her mother said.
"What's this—"

It was the dress, lying beside her on the floor, all crumpled up and wrinkled and stained. It was really an awful-looking thing, she'd been crazy to think her mother would wear it.

mother would wear it.

"I made it for you," she sobbed. "It's a mess, but I worked so hard . . . I know you like good clothes. You see, I don't ever get to do anything. It's just that I don't even feel that I live here . . ." she couldn't explain it. It sounded so dopey, put into words.

Her mother just sat there, and her face, in the half light, was blank. "Oh, no," she was saying. "What have I done?" What on earth have I done?"

The guests were calling up the stairs now. They wanted her mother. "Say!" said a voice. "We're way ahead of you!"

Her mother just sat there, with that

blank face.
"Go on," she told her mother. "Go on

down." She felt a little better, somehow, but not much.
"Look, baby, I'm beginning to see what's been troubling you. You've felt

what's been troubling you. You've felt that you don't contribute, or something . . . things will be different, from now on."

At these words she felt the old despair. This was like telling her how much she ment to them. It was the same thing all over again measuring out love with a table account.

FTER her mother left she got up and washed her face so that she could meet the company, and shake hands, before going into the kitchen to eat. She waited awhile, because her face was swollen. It was then she noticed that the grey dress was gone. Her mother had taken it, and she would be very tactful about it and explain, in the morning. She had exined about the place cards that time. Of course her mother couldn't wear that dopey thing to a party. But she hoped that she would never see the dress again. She hoped her mother would keep still about it, and not laugh, or tell the guests about it, speaking in her rather highpitched party voice.

Downstairs there was the usual talk and laughter. There was a party sound, and a party smell, too; there were fresh flowers and cigarettes. The women were all wearing bright shiny clothes, and their hair was sleek, and on their feet were shoes which looked like ribbons.

Her mother got up. "Come in, dar-

She looked at her mother and then gasped. Her mother was wearing the silver dress. She had somehow gotten the wrinkles and stains out, and she had put a jeweled pin at the waist to hide the mended spot. It didn't look bad. It didn't look bad at all.

"You saved my life," her mother breathed in her ear. "I told you the cleaner had some of my things, and the order from Mme. Roberte's didn't come."

"Oh," she said, shakily. It was hard to believe this was happening to her. It was something that couldn't happen.

"My daughter made this," said her mother, now, and she was saying it in her regular voice, not in her high, party voice. "I think she chose a wonderful color for me."

Everyone gasped, and one woman told her she'd give anything if she had a daughter who would make her a dress. It was a real sign of love, she said, when you gave something of yourself, to someone.

It was too much. She felt dizzy, dazed, "You did a good job!" her father said. For a moment she was afraid that she might burst into tears.

"Oh yes, it's real stud," she told them all in a bored voice.

"Darling!" her mother cried. "That word!"

But she knew that her mother was not really mad,

She said good-by then and dashed for the kitchen. I was wrong about them, she thought, numbly. It's just that they're busy and have a lot to do. Warmth spread through her like a sweet fire. Tomorrow everything might be the same, but it would not matter so much; she would have this to remember.

At the kitchen door she paused. The whole thing did not seem possible, somehow; the dress was mended, she had thrown it on the floor . . . rather fearfully she turned to look once more. Her mother could even be making fun of her by now, showing them what her gift was really like, talking and laughing in her party voice.

The dream was real. Her mother was walking around the room, smiling, pausing and turning, and she was beautiful in the silver dress.

HONEYMOON WITH DEATH

A vanished car in a Pyrenees mountain pass . . . who would believe their bizarre story?

BY EVA-LIS WUORIO Illustrated by Walter Yarwood

F Toutou, my boxer, hadn't made friends with the Dalmatian of the friends with the Dannau.

Fetlock-Bradens, I don't suppose they'd ever have told me of their extraordinary problem which involved us in such a bizarre business.

But even English reserve is punctured by joint laughter at the antics of two big and handsome dogs in the springtime mountain meadows. We were in Arinsal, a little retreat in the high Pyrenees.

"It's unusual to find English people here," I said. "In the past five years that

I've been turning up, you are the first.'
"And for an unusual reason," said Jerome Fetlock-Braden shortly. He had then introduced himself and his wife, Gilian.

That evening they joined me by the fire in the little bar of our hostel. Jerome Fetlock - Braden said abruptly, "You aren't by any chance the Madame Alix Linde who has Boaventura Travel Inc.?"
"Yes, I am," I replied.

"I thought so. A cousin of mine was telling me about you...about your claim to be able to solve any extraordinary travel problem, anywhere.

What Jerome is trying to say is that Tony Foliot couldn't stop singing your praises," Gilian said. "Do get to the point, darling."

Jerome took a breath, as though tackling an obstacle and then dropped his problem in my lap.

"Will you help us find my aunt?"

That was a new one on me. I said so. Jerome Fetlock-Braden ran and re-ran his hand through his thick chestnut hair. He had a pleasant, horsy face, a big nose fit for his long face, and a loose rangy which somehow carried his casual English tweeds with elegance. Gilian in her way was as typically English as he. pink and white, and dark blond.

"I don't suppose you'll be able to believe me," Jerome said. "It's the strangest story

You better begin with your aunt," Gilian took over. "Jerome's aunt is Fay, Marchioness of Fetlock, as amiable an was always supposed that Jerome would be her heir, unless she changed her mind. Between them they got the story out.

Last October, after their wedding, Jerome and Gilian planned to get an early start on their honeymoon. But when they stole away from the reception they found Aunt Fay's big Daimler at the side door instead of Jerome's little car.

They also found Aunt Fay and her luggage in the back seat.

She was very cheerful. "I know you children are going to Spain and won't mind giving me a lift down," she assured "With all this fuss going on I forgot to tell you before."

Of course, Jerome could have refused, but with Aunt Fay's well-known temperament that would have been tantamount to saying good-by to Fetlock House, a shooting lodge in Scotland, a villa in Menton, various farms and the factories which constituted the estate income. Aunt Fay,

after all, was seventy-eight years old.
"Of course, Aunt Fay," Gilian mustered a smile, "you can drive with us."
"Just never mind me," said Aunt Fay.

"I'll stay in the back seat and close my eves." Which she promptly did.

Jerome drove like one possessed and in two days they were in Barcelona. Aunt Fay visited friends for two weeks, and then unaccountably rejoined them. The three of them traveled about amiably enough and Tony Foliot, Jerome's cousin, turned up, too, on a brief vacation from his embassy job in Paris. It was he who suggested that, as they'd never done it, they drive back through the mountains.

WHAT was in December and although on the coast it was swimming weather, in the mountains snow had already fallen. Frontier police advised them there was a chance that the Pass de la Casa would be cut off with the next snow. This gave Jerome an excuse not to loiter in the town of Andorra where Aunt Fay wanted to stop for thermal baths.

"The weather won't wait, Aunt Fay,"

ed and get across the pass before dark." Aunt Fay was distinctly displeased by

this imposed haste, so a haughty silence reigned in the Daimler as the mountains grew higher and the road shrank smaller.

"Encamp is next," Gilian said consult-ing the map. "That's the spot with the inn that Tony insisted was the best. Are you famished. Aunt Fav?"

She turned around but the old lady was lying back in the seat, her tartan rug over her knees, sound asleep.

Gilian lit a cigarette for herself and one for Jerome and said, "The worst is over, darling. In a couple of days we'll be home and alone."

"I keep wondering if it's worth being mouse for just a little security."

'You are not a mouse, and anyhow it's a lot of security," Gilian said. "And after all Aunt Fay is diverting, you can't deny that. Even when she irritates me I can't help admiring her and liking her. Hold on, we're there." The inn was on a height, the parking place sheltered by a clump of pines below the stone steps.

'You'll need your stick on those steps Aunt Fay," Jerome said loudly, Tony claims the food's worth the effort of getting there." There was no answer.

"Aunt Fay," Jerome raised his voice, we simply have to eat now.

Still no answer.

"What's the matter with her?" he demanded irritably. "You wake her up, Gilian, in a womanly way."

Gilian got out, opened the back door and touched the folded hands of the sleeping old woman. They felt odd to her

"Jerome," she said, suddenly afraid. "Jerome, come here."

They looked at the sagging lines on the old yellow face, the proud, imperious stance of the head lost in an unseemly slump.

"She's dead," Jerome whispered, not quite believing it.

Now, in the firelight of the little bar in Arinsal, Jerome turned to me. "What would you have done? What precisely would anyone have done? I felt her pulse, there wasn't a tick." handkerchief, wiped his forehead, blew his nose and said, 'Let's get a drink.'

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"It sounds cold-blooded, doesn't it!" Jerome continued. "But we climbed up to the inn and suddenly we were unbearably hungry. We'd left just after an early cup of coffee and a piece of toast and it was getting on past five. I said to Gilian, 'Half an hour more won't make any difference. We'll eat and try to relax and think."

They ordered and then Jerome said, "I suppose it must be her heart. I remember omeone saying she's been going to old Scott-Armitage on Harley Street, though wouldn't admit it."

"I'm glad I told you I really did like

her, before..."
"I know," Jerome ate in silence. Finally he said, "Look Gilian, it sounds horrid, but I think the best thing is not to make a fuss here. This place is a mess for anything official. I think what we'll do is drive across the frontier to France, discover her dead there, and then call the British Embassy in Paris."

"Driving with Aunt Fay, in the back seat, through all these mountains! And what about passing the frontier?"

"You know that's simple. I'll go out with the passports as usual and the two of you stay put in the car."

Somehow, the decision made, they felt easier, paid the bill and left. For a monient, when they'd descended the stone steps. Jerome thought he'd missed the parking spot. Then he identified the clump of pines and realized that this was the Only the Daimler wasn't there.

"I felt for the keys in my pocket," Jerome said. "I'd left them in the car. I often do. It's an old fault.

"Like a sleuth," he continued, "I looked for the tire tracks. I saw them all right, backing and turning on the dust of the small parking space, before they hit the gravel of the drive and were lost."

Gilian took up the story. "We went back to the inn and told the manager that our car, with our old aunt asleep on the back seat, had been stolen. Of course he wouldn't believe us and suggested that



suddenly switch and say dead people don't drive off. But we insisted that he call the police.

"When the police finally came we made our report on aunt, car and contents. Fortunately Jerome had our passports and I had my handbag. That was all we had." They had waited another day without news, and then, the pass to France having closed that first night with all the new snow as predicted, they got to Paris by bus and then train. There, Tony lent them money to get home and said he'd look into the thing.

look into the thing.
"What else could I have done?" Jerome asked me. "Can you think of any-

I admitted I couldn't. But at the same time I couldn't see how one could really lose a Daimler.

BROME agreed. "There was just one possibility. Whoever stole it got over the frontier to France before the snow blocked the pass. The embassy investigated but the frontier police and customs swore no Daimler had crossed the border that day. But where, in mountains with no motor roads, can you hide a big car and the distinctive corpse of a well-known, bejeweled marchioness?"

Back in London, Jerome and Gilian reported the whole thing all over again. They lied about the fact that Aunt Fay had been asleep when they went into the time but pretty curious on reflection.

"The odd thing was that everyone thought it was a hilarious story," Gilian said. "They laughed like mad and said, 'Trust Fay Fetlock to pull a stunt like that on a honeymoon to which she wasn't invited.' People kept assuring us she simply got tired of us and drove off.

"We kept pointing out that she hadn't passed either frontier, since we couldn't say bluntly that, being dead, she couldn't have been driving. Finally we cornered Tony and told him the truth. His reaction was frightening.

"If you tell that story now,' he said, 'you know what people will say, don't you? That you killed her. There was provocation, and you are the heir, aren't you?"

"It was a shock," Gilian said. "But when Jerome and I talked it over we realized people could think just that."

"Of course I can't inherit while she's still missing," Jerome added. "That's part of the reason we've come back. But the main reason is that we've simply got to solve the thing. I must find out what happened to the poor old soul.

"The obvious answer of course is that she's buried under the snow at the pass. But who drove her there? Who'd dare to steal a car with a person in it, whether they knew it was a corpse or not?

"So here we are, hoping in our morbid way, that when the pass clears we'll find out one way or another," Jerome sighed.

I liked Jerome and Gilian Fetlock-Braden and I was willing to believe their story. I couldn't see either of them killing Aunt Fay and anyhow, if they had, why ask me for help?

"Are you next of kin to your Aunt Fay?" I asked Jerome.

He looked surprised. "Why," he said, "I don't know for a fact. Both she and my mother were girlhood friends, Canadians married to Englishmen. But I don't believe they were related. Father, though, was a distant Fetlock. Aunt Fay took me in when my parents died and she said that since I'd eventually come into the business, I might as well get the grasp of things to start with."

"She often spoke of Jerome as 'my son,'" Gilian said. "And it was always understood she would make her will in his favor."

But where was the will I suddenly thought in the middle of the night. What if there wasn't one? Who then would get the estate?

I decided to ask Jerome, but in the morning I forgot because of the news that the pass was open. Jerome arranged to have the police meet us there in case anything was found, and we started out.

It was a misty morning with clouds below the peaks and there were snowplows and gangs of men along the road. Remains of avalanches and heavy snowfall made mountains of their own in the drops to the valleys. At the pass we watched workmen breaking up the snow. In the late afternoon, attracted by frozen tracks that slipped off the road into the valley, they located the car, deep in

It was hard to see how it could have skidded down for the road here was almost level.

Jerome and Nicolau, the local policeman, climbed down the slope. Jerome reached the Daimler first. He tried the door and couldn't get it open. The workmen had been scraping the frosted windows and he bent to look in. It seemed to me he stayed like that, bent over, for an eternity.

When he looked up his face was bleached. He nodded to Gilian. "Yes. She's in there. She's in the front seat. The driver's seat."

Nicolau peered in and climbed back to the road. "So no problem at all exists any longer," he said. "The old Señora drove off as we supposed and had an accident. We will tow the car to the police station in Andorra. Perhaps Señor will help us with identification and so on?"

We'd driven halfway down before Jerome spoke. "I'm not mad," he said furi-

ously. "I know she was dead."

"Jerome," I said. "I for one believe that your Aunt Fay was dead. This is not a supernatural mystery but a piece of dirty work by someone. Relax, and stop looking so guilty. First thing you do is check what, if anything, is missing in that car. Secondly, you'd better arrange for a post-mortem to find out the cause of death. That will stop any ugly rumors."

In Andorra, when Jerome returned from the police station, he had some color in his face and his voice sounded

excited. Nicolau trotted after him.

"Gilian," he said. "Do you remember that atrocious bracelet of Aunt Fay's?" "Of course."

"Describe it. Say everything you can think about it."

"Well, in the first place I don't ever remember seeing your Aunt Fay without it," Gilian said. "I think she took her bath with it. It was the most vulgar jewelry I've ever seen—diamonds, huge as eggs practically, with rubies."

"It's missing," Jerome said happily.
"You found nothing else missing?" I

"Nothing. But the bracelet's enough. Don't you see, that proves someone spirited her away! And her satchel was open and her papers and letters scattered over the back seat. And, Alix, that's not usual. She was frightfully punctilious about her papers."

"You couldn't say if any of her papers were missing?"

"I don't know what she carried in her bag! All our stuff is just as we left it." "Was she wearing other valuables?"

"Oh yes. A thing of pearls you could hang yourself on. Pardon the remark. And trinkets, pins and rings and earrings."

"You're sure she was wearing the bracelet?"

"I couldn't be more sure. Do you know why? When I felt her pulse I remember I changed to the other wrist because the big clobbery thing was in the way."

Jerome went back to the police station to make arrangements about his aunt and the car. As we drove to Arinsal he said, "We'll probably push off tomorrow. There is all the business to be seen to in England. But you won't drop the case now, will you, Alix?"

"It'll seem finished to everyone," I said. "It'll look like she drove off in a huff because you'd left her, had a heart attack and the car slid off the road. You inherit."

"For us it isn't finished," Gilian said softly. "We know she was dead. We won't be happy until we know what happened."

We said good-by that night and when I came down after breakfast next morning, I found Nicolau, the policeman, waiting for me. He came directly to the point.

"Señora," he said, "I have a feeling someone here knows more than he is saying. And I think that he is the manager of the inn where the young couple stopped for lunch. A conversation with him might be worth-while to the Señora."

"Fine," I said and agreed to meet Nicolau at the inn next day.

I did not keep the appointment. I didn't think anything would come of it anyhow. That's how stupid you can be. The proof was in my hand, practically, and I took off because I didn't put enough value on the sagacity of a quiet little policeman.

My reason for not going to the inn was a telegram. "COULD YOU MEET US PARIS SOONEST NEW DEVELOP-MENTS LOVE GILIAN JEROME."

It took me two days to drive to Paris in my little shed of a car, and as soon as I arrived at the small flat I keep there, I telephoned Gilian. "Alix! I'm glad to hear from you. When may I see you?"

from you. When may I see you?"
"Now if you wish," I told her. She promised to be right over.

Before she arrived the phone rang and a pleasant male voice asked for Madame Fetlock-Braden.

"She is expected any moment," I said. "Could she call you back?"

"This is Tony Foliot," the voice said.
"Could I possibly be speaking to Madame
Linde?"

"Yes."

"We met at cocktails at de Chauvignys' this winter," he said. He then mentioned other mutual acquaintances which explained how he'd been able to tell stories about me to his cousin. "Jerome and Gilian told me they had met you."

There was a pause. Then he said, "I'm in something of a spot. Could I have a talk with you?"

"Gilian will be here in a few moments," I said. "Would you like to drop over too?"

His voice brightened. "I would indeed, and then perhaps we could arrange to have lunch tomorrow. I'd like a private conversation with you."

"Business or personal?" I asked, actually wishing to know.

"It could be both." He laughed. He had a very pleasant laugh. I'd barely hung up when Gilian rang the bell.

"Your friend Tony Foliot just called," I told Gilian. "He's coming up."

"Oh," she looked dismayed. "It's about him I wanted to speak to you."

"Where's Jerome?"

"In London. He'll be here tomorrow." She looked like a child about to cry. "The most frightful thing has happened. There doesn't seem to be a will. That means Tony is the heir. He's Aunt Fay's sister's son, though why we never realized that is beyond me."

ER voice trailed off. She gave me a weak smile. "Which leaves us penniless. Homeless."

"Not quite, surely," I said briskly.
"Jerome's got his job."

"It's rather difficult. He always thought he'd own the business one day. To work for someone else!" That was a point. The chagrin of it. Kowtowing for years to an imperious old woman...

"Jerome says there's nothing we can do except leave England," Gilian said. "Who says there's no will?"

"We can't find one, that's all. Jerome's been through all Aunt Fay's papers at Fetlock House, with Tony helping. Nothing there. Her lawyer says he understood she made a will, but not with them."

"Did you have the autopsy done?"
"Yes. Jerome insisted. We went to old
Scott-Armitage, her doctor. He was all
against it. Said he'd been warning her for
years about her heart, and merely the
altitude in the mountains could have
killed her. So Jerome told him the truth
about her being dead when we went in to
lunch, and wanting to know for a fact



what killed her. He agreed then. They found nothing out of the ordinary. It must have been her heart."

This leaves us with two problems then," I said, thinking aloud. "Who drove off with Aunt Fay and why? And, where's

"Do you suppose it could have been among those papers out of her bag? Gilian said with sudden excitement.

Then the doorbell rang.

'That'll be your Tony Foliot," I said. "Does he know all this?

"Oh, yes, he's in on it, naturally. He's awfully embarrassed. I'd rather we didn't talk about it with him."

Tony Foliot was indisputably attractive. Tall, easy, blond. For some reason I'd expected him to be dark.

He kissed Gilian lightly, shook hands with me firmly, said thank you for being allowed to come. Then he asked, "You know about it, Madame Linde?

I hesitated.

It was long enough for he rushed to continue. "It appears I'm Aunt Fay's heir, which is a nice piece of irony be cause she and my mother, her sister, never got along at all and she didn't care for me much. Jerome was the golden boy. We all thought she was turning everything over to him. But since there's no will and I'm her closest relative. I get it. I'm not sufficiently noble to say to Jerome, 'Here, you take it.' If it's coming to me, I'll take it, naturally, but I'd like to have Jerome continue doing the chores he's been doing all along. This," he said disarmingly, "is what I wanted to see you about, Madame Linde, to ask if you could influence him to stay on.

"Tony!" Gilian said sharply,

"I know I know." Tony Foliot turned to her. "But you said Alix Linde was a friend of yours.

"It's not that. You know perfectly well "

"Pride," Foliot said sharply. "That's all. Jerome's pride."

He turned to me. "Jerome's trained to look after the business. Should I touch it's bound to go on the rocks. Now he says he's clearing out.

"I can understand how he feels, though.

"But it's not my fault," Foliot protested reasonably.

THEY left shortly after. It had not been a very successful party. I found an excuse not to see Tony Foliot the next day. I could see no advantage to it.

In the morning I put in a call to Nicolau in Encamp. While I was waiting for it Jerome rang me. He was forcedly gay. This is the disinherited heir.

'Nothing new?

"Not a thing beyond what Gilian's told you." He hesitated. "You know, the whole thing is so completely unlike Aunt Fay. She always kept all her affairs in such meticulous order. She couldn't have overlooked a thing like a will. I'm beginning to think it's a malicious joke on me that she's now chuckling over, wherever she is. Have you any ideas?'

What about going down to Menton," I said. "Your aunt had a place there too didn't you say?"

"I'm an idiot not to have thought of that."

"Well, look. Think about it. And now get off the line because I'm waiting for a call from Encamp.

"So you do have ideas." Jerome sounded hopeful. "I'll ring you back."

Nicolau sounded excited and pleased to be called. Had he found anything new?

"Nothing." Nicolau said. "Unless you wish to take into account the fact that a grey Citroën was parked behind the inn for a certain number of hours on the disastrous day. No one appears to know to whom it belonged, though it's pretty certain the manager of the inn knows. He is still acting smug about it."

When Jerome called me back I asked him if he knew anyone who drove a grey

"Nobody except me," he said cheerfully, "I sometimes rent one when I come over on a quick trip. Why?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."
"What about the trip to Menton?" Jerome asked. "I was telling Tony about

Suddenly I was swept by a sense of urgency, of panic. I said, "Have you anything special on or could we leave now?

"Right this minute?"

"Yes."

"We could I suppose," Jerome said hesitantly, "only Tony suggested we all go together over the weekend when he can get away."

'As a favor to me don't even tell him you're going. Don't check out of the hotel. Just get cracking down here."

"Well, I don't get it, but I suppose it must be good. We'll be there.

They arrived well within the hour and I told Marie, my maid, to tell anyone who called simply that I was out, not out of town. "It's quite likely that a Mr. Tony Foliot will call within half an hour." fold her. "Should he ask, you could that you think we have gone to dine somewhere along the river, in the St. Germain-en-Laye direction."

We left before seven and made a good third of the trip before we stopped for late dinner. My curiosity got the better of me and I put in a call to Marie.

"That Mr. Foliot did not telephone," she said, "He called here himself. It was within half an hour after you had left Was I sure, he insisted, that you had not left town. I pointed out St.-Germainen-Laye is out of town as far as I am concerned.

I was in fine good humor and slept well that night. We met for early breakfast and Jerome suggested we take the longer Napoleon Route down to Menton, for the scenery. He didn't have the sense of haste I had. But I felt we had gained time and I agreed.

So of course first we had a flat. Then we ran into a detour of over fifty kilometres. And finally, coming back to the car after lunch, we couldn't get it started and had to find a mechanic. It was after dark when we reached Menton.

"We'll have to stir up old Teresa, Aunt's housekeeper," Jerome said. "She keeps the key.'

Jerome went in search of Teresa, who lived in the village, while Gilian and I bought fruit and coffee for the morning.

Before we were finished Jerome was back. "Can't find her," he reported, "but let's go up to the house anyway. I just remembered something."

The narrow lane wound up between high, whitewashed stone walls to the heights above Menton. We came to a tall iron gate in a rounded corner of a high wall. Jecome put his hand through the grille and pulled out a stone wedged in the wall. Behind there was a big key. He chockled, "It's lucky I remembered. I made this hiding place for Teresa and me because we couldn't be bothered fugging the key around." He unlocked the gate.

Jerome caught my arm. "There's a light in the house. Look.

"Probably Teresa," Gilian said. "Be quiet. Let's see," I said.

We dropped our bags and went quietly toward the French windows. The shutters of one were loose and we could see into a small drawing room where one lamp was lit. Light also slanted in through the open door of a room beyond.
"Wait!" Jerome darted around the

house. He was soon back, his feet slipping on the gravel path. "There's a grey Citroën in the back," he said.

Any thought of burglars vanished. I knew whom we'd meet.

We pushed through the loose window, passed through the small room and then, Jerome taking the lead, into a very informal, wide and pleasant library.

OW it was a wreck of papers, books and journals thrown on the spilling off the tables. His hair hanging in a thick lock over his forehead Tony Foliot was pawing through a pile of what seemed to be handwritten records.

I don't know how long we all stood absolutely still. I cursed myself for hav ing thought myself smart to send him on a false scent. Then the significance of his distracted search dawned on me and I knew we were not too late.

I could feel Jerome grow tense beside me. But before I could either intervene or he could speak, Foliot straightened, put his two palms on the table and looked at us levelly. "What are you doing in my house, sneaking in like thieves in the night?" He carried it off well.

"It seems to me it's you who are here like a thief in the night, Mr. Foliot," said. "You don't have any right here until the estate is settled."

"This is my business. I'm telling you to get off my property," he said.

"And I'm telling you that the inn manager at Encamp has identified you as the man who parked a grey Citroën behind his place and drove off in the Daimler of the Marchioness of Fetlock." It wasn't the exact truth but I felt it was worth the long shot.

"What? He'd never!" Having spoken Tony Foliot looked as though he could have bitten off his tongue.

"So it was you, Tony, at the inn?" Jerome said slowly, calmly,

"And if it was me, what can you do about it? You left her dead in the car, You've told about it. You can't accuse me of anything. Everyone thought you were her heir. I'll say you murdered her for her estate."

"But why, Tony," Gilian asked, "why?" "Because I needed money, and she re-fused," Tony said roughly. "The night before you all left she told me she was making a will as soon as she got home completely disinheriting me. She was also going to draw up an account of my debts against the estate. I thought if I knew the route you'd take back I could 'accidentally' overtake you, get her to drive part way alone with me and try again. A little quiet persuasion might be better than mere begging. I knew a few things about her too.

I felt chilled and afraid. The man was possibly half mad.

"So you overtook us at the inn," Jer-

"Yes, I knew you'd stop there on my

Quite calmly he described his move-

ments on that December afternoon. "I saw her alone in the car. I put my Citroën where you couldn't see it, though I knew you thought I still had the Chev. Then I went back to have my little talk with her and found she was dead. I was stampeded. Without thinking, I decided to ditch the Daimler. Then I thought if I moved her to the front seat everyone would think she'd simply had an accident. And then you had to tell me she'd been dead before you left her," he concluded

"And the bracelet?" Gilian asked.

It came off as I was moving her. For the first dunners I decided."

"You rifled her bag." "To see if she'd written anything about

that will " 'And you were the first at Fetlock

House," Jerome said. "Just in case she'd lied to me and had already made a will. I knew what you didn't seem to be aware of, that I was the closest relative and without a will I would get everything."

He appeared quite pleased with him-I could see why his Aunt Fay hadn't cared for him.

'And now here," Jerome said slowly. "Why not? And now all of you get out.

The house is mine.' "Me, I'm sleeping here," I said. "I'm tired." I wasn't going to have any more

rifling through papers. "I'll charge you all for illegal entry," Foliot said. "And if you intend to carry this further I'll accuse you of murdering Aunt Fay."

We were still standing, all four of us, when the door to the hall opened and a huge olive-skinned woman marched in. Her immense black eyes took us in. She crossed over to Jerome, hugged him and planted sounding kisses on his cheeks.

"It was time for you to return," said. She turned to Gilian. "You are welcome to your own house.

Then she turned to Foliot. "So you find yourself here, eh? And what did Madame our aunt say the last time you turned up here in disgrace and debt? She told you that you had used up your credit and that you had used up your welcome here. And she said to me, in your hearing, 'My Teresa, he is no longer my nephew. I may have to see him in public but my homes are closed to him. See to it. That is what she said. You will now go.

Foliot was shaking, "Get out you big fool. Get out, all of you!

"You get out, Signor Antonio," said Teresa very calmly, and moved toward him. "And tomorrow, Signor Jerome, you will come with me to the bureau of old M. Jean-Pierre in Menton. Your aunt has left important papers there for you.

While she spoke she watched Foliot. He stood quite still for a moment and then without a word he walked out.

When we heard the car start and move off Teresa turned. "That was not the en-tire truth," she said. "The papers, I have

She thrust her hand into her majestic bosom and pulled out a large envelope, somewhat crumpled. She smoothed it out, "Your aunt had great distrust of the boy, Antonio," she said calmly. "He is too clever for his own good. His brain devises many schemes. Here, this is for you. I would have told you of it earlier, but as you know I cannot write, and I knew sooner or later you would return."

It was a strangely matter-of-fact ending, I thought, to the most bizarre affair I had ever encountered. •

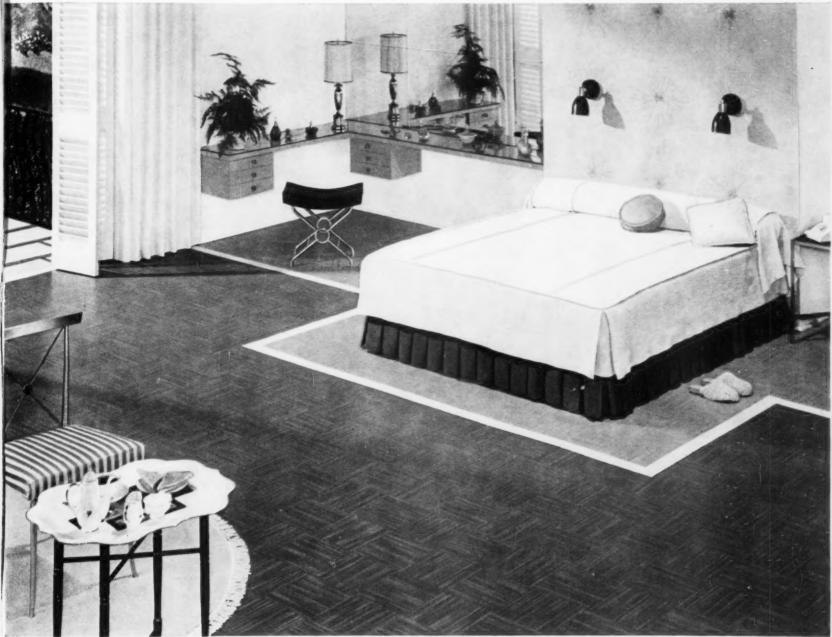
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